Lynchers are Treading on Thin ice When They Get Into the Habit of Murdering Prisoners Who are Under Federal Jurisdiction. A Pitcher can be Carried to the Well Once Too Often.

The Freeman

ETHIOPIA SHALL STRETCH FORTH HER HAND

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER

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THOMPSON'S WEEKLY REVIEW

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GOOD JUDGEMENT OF LABORS

DUNN IMORTALIZES HIMSELF

The Progress of a Georgia Town—Bishop Walters to Write a Book of His Life—Rev. J. F. Chesnut of the M. E. Church Criticised.

Staff Correspondence.

President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon have shown themselves impervious to the wiles of the labor leaders who wish to own the earth and the fullness thereof, although both subscribe to every exaction that has any foundation in equity to all concerned. They very sensibly decline to forget that there are other interests to be subserved—that the man who works with capital and brains is as much a citizen and has a claim upon protection under the laws as well as the man who works with his hands. President Roosevelt deplores, as every honest citizen does, the tendency to emphasize class lines based upon the nature of one's employment. Speaker Cannon, with characteristic bluntness, gave Mr. Gompers to understand that organized labor was a big thing, but that it was not by any means the "whole shooting match," and further pointed out the fallacy of conducting a labor propaganda from which any class of laborers are excluded by artificial discrimination. The palpable dig at the exclusion of the Negro from the unions must have struck home, for within a day or two afterward the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, to whose delegates the remarks of the President and the Speaker were directed, issued the following declaration:

"We reaffirm as one of the cardinal principles of the trade union movement that the working people must unite and organize, irrespective of creed, color, sex, nationality or politics."

Let us hope that the unions have seen the error of their ways in leaving the faithful black toiler out of their scheme for justice, and if the weapon to be used is to be politics, strike, boycott or lockout, let the Negro have a share in the fight and let him be rewarded his quota of the spoils after the war is over. The black man is determined to be reckoned with—as a friend, if possible—but as an enemy, if he must.

* * *

Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, has immortalized himself in the eyes of the colored workingmen of the Windy City. He sanctions organization among the employes of the street-car system, even when the lines are taken over by the city, under the ordinance calling for municipal ownership, but he further insists that colored men must have an equal chance with the whites as motormen and conductors after the city takes hold. This departure is causing consternation among the anti-Negro element of the labor unions, but Mayor Dunne is firm, and municipal ownership, as interpreted by him, means the elimination of the color line among the future employes engaged in handling public utilities. If the Dunne idea prevails everywhere the street-car service will be revolutionized with municipalization and the doctrine of government and municipal ownership will get a big boost wherever the Negro has a ballot to cast. The significance of the fact that the warmest champions of these doctrines are this same Edward F. Dunne, William R. Hearst and William Jennings Bryan—all Democrats of the rankest kind—must not be overlooked.

* * *

The colored business men of Brunswick, Ga., are among the best in the country in point of enterprise and thorough-going commercial acumen. Prominent among them is James G. Carter, a member of the executive committee of the National Negro Business League, who was largely instrumental in bringing the biggest delegation that appeared at the New York convention last year, and to whose influence Atlanta is deeply indebted for securing the convention for 1906. The latest indication of the leavening force exerted over the citizens of Brunswick by the National Negro Business League, supplemented by the local branch, is the formation of the Brunswick Mercantile and Realty Company, which was organized a few days ago under the most promising circumstances. A report from Brunswick says that before the organization was perfected nearly $3,000 was subscribed as a starter, and a very flattering increase is expected at the meeting that is being held this week, after which plans will be immediately gone into for incorporation and taking out a charter under the laws of the State of Georgia. The directors, whose names are familiar to most of our people in the South, are: J. M. Pitts, president of the board; C. A. Clark, vice president; E. H. Carry, secretary; H. S. Roberts, assistant secretary; B. L. Jordan, treasurer; Dr. George W. Smith, J. S. Peterson, A. C. Buggs, B. F. Seabrooks, A. L. Simmons, J. H. Powell and J. G. Carter. This incorporation is destined to be one of the strongest controlled by Negroes in the State of Georgia, and it will doubtless give a good account of itself at the Atlanta meeting in August.

* * *

Bishop Alexander Walters, at the request of a host of friends and admirers, has begun the preparation of a volume bearing upon his life and work. Bishop Walters' rise in the ministerial world is almost unparalleled, and the story of how he toiled and struggled in order to reach his present exalted station reads more like a leaf torn from the "Arabian Nights" than a tale of contemporaneous history. He was elected to the bench of bishops of the A. M. E. Zion Church in 1892, the General Conference meeting that year in Pittsburg. At the time of his election he was in his thirty-third year, and was the youngest man ever chosen to the bishopric by any denomination. Bishop Walters' book will contain, among other interesting matter, the full text of his perfected lecture on his travels in Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land, to which will also be added his experiences in the German empire, Switzerland and the Vatican at Rome, with observations on the future of Africa and the results achieved in the Dark Continent by the Pan-African Congress, of which he is president. Last fall Bishop Walters delivered his famous lecture in my town, and this is a significant excerpt from a letter which he received later on from a prominent citizen, who had the pleasure of hearing his eloquent forensic effort. Says the correspondent:

"I want to say again that your lecture on your travels in Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land was the best exposition of "sights across the sea," religious and secular, that has ever come to my notice. I have listened to Burton Harrison, Henry M. Stanley, Burr McIntosh and all their tribe; I have read many stories of travel and adventure, written by globe-trotters and literateurs of renown, but never have I been so thoroughly enchanted by any of them as by the illuminating pictures, salient bits of history, amusing anecdotes of distinguished persons, the peculiar habits of the populations, vivid descriptions of the massive buildings encountered, the relation of the Negro to the vast empires traversed, together with well digested opinions upon all that was seen and heard throughout the long journey—all of which you presented with such rare skill and accuracy at Zion Church on the occasion of your recent visit here. Not only was the subject matter fascinating because of its novelty, but a volume of valuable instruction was set forth, relieved of all the dryness that one so frequently finds in the conventional book of travel, or in a didactic treatise on mere persons, cathedrals, pyramids and countries. The engaging personality of Bishop Walters, the man, was present in every paragraph, and the oratorical delivery was at all times in sympathy with the spirit of the theme—inspiring by turns, rich humor, pathos, wonder, patriotism, pride of race and love of the ideal in life and character. In the natural climaxes there were flights that approached the sublime in their thrilling and dramatic effect. Alternately there were spiritual manifestations of the great preacher and artistic flashes that suggested the trained actor—both genuine and convincing, one quality nicely balancing the other. True eloquence, such as you certainly possess, is a gift from the gods, but by careful study of humannature, superb mastery of detail, a magnetic presence, strong pyhsique and a voice of remarkable resonance and power, you have made it a hostage to science, and pointed the way to others who are willing to work out their destiny by their own might. I should be delighted to hear the deliverance again."

Bishop Walters is one of the hardest worked prelates in the country, but he works with method and system; consequently he is seldom given the credit of being as busy as he really is. Besides his own diocese, which embraces the New Jersey, Virginia, South Florida, West Alabama, Porto Rico, Cuba and West African conferences, he has Bishop Hood's New York and New England conferences, and during the winter he has been assisting Bishop Harris in his Western New York conference. In the meantime, the interests of the National Afro-American Council, of which he is the official head, have not been neglected, and a voluminous correspondence has received prompt attention. It will thus be seen that Bishop Walters does his share in the world's work, and a book telling of the inner side of his life is certain to out of the realm of the ordinary biog-

That it is unfair to make a whole race suffer for the misdeeds of a few goes without the saying. Negroes, like whites, should be held responsible as individuals only. The man who pays, whatever his race, ought not be held responsible for the man who does not. There are white dead-beats and there are black dead-beats. It seems to be the man-up-a-tree that the classification should be based upon the character of the persons placing the order, and that the investigations made by the New Method people should tend to discover the credit of a presumptive customer, and not his color. No hard and fast line can be drawn between races that will leave all of the paying class upon one side and all of the delinquents on the other.

* * *

There is such a thing as being "too reasonable," and the dividing line between sycopancy and assinity is very, very thin. At one of the recent

The Late Dr. Henry C. Woode, of Vicksburg, Miss

raphy.

* * *

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that certain mail order firms doing business in various sections of the country make arbitrary distinctions between whites and blacks when an order is placed with them, if they are aware of the color of the intended customer, and they usually take pains to find out. A case in point is the "New Method Company," 5552 South Park avenue, Chicago, which makes a specialty of manufacturing illustrated pin and card trays, calendars and other souvenirs in aluminum, bearing pictures of churches and their pastors, to be retailed among their members and friends by the churches as a money-raising device. A club of church workers in southern Indiana, being attracted by an advertisement, corresponded with the firm, and finally sent on their photographs and placed an order for several hundred, accepting the conditions of purchase, as outlined in the advertisement. In a short time a letter came from the New Method Company, stating that the liberal terms offered in the circulars, etc., applied only to white churches, and that when colored churches desired their wares the full amount in cash must invariably accompany the order. Just why this undiscriminate discrimination the deponent sayeth not. The presumption is that some colored customer has at some time failed to remit as promised, and as a result the entire race has been put down as bad pay.

meetings in connection with the Golden Jubilee of the Galbraith A. M. E. Zion Church in Washington, Rev. J. F. Chestnut, a minister of the M. E. Church, went far out of his way to cross the line, and has a job-lot of criticism coming to him because of the indiscreet and unnecessary declaration that the Negro members of the M. E. Church were satisfied with the selection of a missionary bishop to Africa at $3,000, and a high salaried secretary and editor—all chosen by white votes—saying further that the Negro membership would not ask for a colored bishop in this country, as they cannot and do not expect what they would not give themselves if they were placed in the same position as their white brethren. The utterance very naturally met with many evidences of disapproval at the hands of the audience, for it was wholly at variance with the truth, as the friends of Drs. J. W. E. Bowen, E. W. S. Hammond, M. C. B. Mason, R. E. Jones and others well known Dr. Scott accepted the African work because the conference at Los Angeles flatly refused to give the Negroes an American bishop, as did the Cleveland conference before it, and the compromise was the best that the colored delegates could get out of their white brethren. In addition to this, they secured an under secretaryship for Dr. I. L. Thomas, and that was all that could be promised until 1908, when an effort will be made to pass an amendment that may open a door for a Negro Bishop in this country who will have charge of a diocese made up exclusively of Negro churches. So, then, for any speaker to tell a well-informed audience in the national capital, or anywhere else, that the Negro annex of the M. E. Church is not looking for the fullest and highest recognition the church has at its disposal is to "stretch the blanket" out of all semblance of truth, and to discredit the intelligence of those who are acquainted with the facts. Who is the Rev. Mr. Chestnut trying to curry favor with?

* * *

Miss Hallie Quinn Brown, the race's best known and most popular elocutionist, has been spending a season on the Pacific coast. At every point touched she was the recipient of the most cordial hospitality, and her addresses, papers and recitations were listened to with many evidences of appreciation. Her itinerary included Los Angeles, San Jose, Sacramento and San Francisco, together with its sister cities, Oakland, Berkley and Alameda. In a highly interesting letter to the Cleveland Journal Miss Brown tells of her travels, and gives a graphic account of the progress that is being made by the Negro. The advancement of the colored people along moral, material and intellectual lines is strongly marked in every section of California, and the organization spirit is very much alive, especially among the women. No city where the Negro abides in any considerable numbers is without its club of energetic and public-spirited Christian workers, and they have the hearty co-operation of the men, who are quite liberal in a financial way. At Sacramento Miss Brown had the pleasure of renewing her acquaintance with Mrs. Madah Hyer Stafford, who, as one of the famous Hyer sisters, charmed thousands with her marvelous voice, and who was rated by the best critics of her day as the equal, if not superior, of the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, then in the zenith of her meteoric career. Miss Brown is back to her duties at Wilberforce, getting ready for the magnificent celebration of the Golden Jubilee in June.

* * *

State busines leagues, to promote the objects of the National Negro Business League, are being organized in many quarters. Arkansas and Mississippi, under the sturdy efforts of J. E. Bush and Charles Banks, have had powerful leagues for some time, and now Florida, under the magnetic leadership of M. M. Lewey, is preparing to hold a convention of her thrifty business men and women for the purpose of forming a State organization. A call is soon to be issued for the meeting, either at Jacksonville or Pensacola. In Indiana Dr. S. A. Furniss, another member of the executive committee, has the work well in hand, and is receiving much encouragement. In Kentucky C. B. Lewis, an enterprising newspaper man, who was associated last year with Messrs. Bush, Keatts, Banks and Judge Gibbs in the Southern field, is arousing no small degree of enthusiasm among the business masses, reinforcing the efforts of Mr. J. C. Jackson, of Lexington, also a member of the executive committee, Dr. E. E. Underwood, Prof. W. H. Mayo and Prof. J. S. Hathaway, of Frankfort, A. H. Cabell, of Henderson, Dr. J. M. Peters, of Owensboro, besides the substantial forces of Louisville, among whom Messrs. D. L. Knight, Thomas Cole, E. I. Masterson, J. S. Hopson, S. W. Jordan, Rochelle Smith, W. D. Johnson and W. H. Steward are active factors. The attendance this year at Atlanta bids fair to be the largest yet, as it is in the very heart of the Southland, and within easy access of the bulk of the Negro population of the country. The dates selected by the executive committee for the annual meeting are August 29, 30 and 31. The influence of the national league is daily in evidence in the launching of new enterprises by Negroes throughout the country, the enlargement of those already established, and in the general stimulation of the commercial instinct among our people everywhere. The increase in the number and volume of our banks, realty companies, insurance corporations and manufacturing plants is especially noticeable and very gratifying to all lovers of race progress.

R. W. THOMPSON.

The orignal production of Williams & Walker in Abyssinia is reviewed in Sylvester Russell's Review. Send one dollar for a subscription or ten cents to secure a copy to the Sylvester Russell Publishing Company, Orange, N. J.

NOTED PHYSICIAN EXSPIRES

DEATH CLAIMS A PROMINENT AND WELL-KNOWM CITIZEN

MISSISSIPPI MOURNS HER LOSS

Dr. Henry Woode Was One the Best Informed Medical Men of His State Stood High as an Officer of Knights Templar Lodge.

Charles Henri Woode was born at Rodney, Miss., in 1865. His mother died when he was four years of age, and he suffered greatly in consequence. He attended the public schools of his native home, after which he entered Alcorn Agricultural and Mechanical College (then Alcorn University), graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1884, his being the second class to graduate from said school. After working at various things, among which were teaching and manual labor of various kinds, with the hope of acquiring money enough with which to begin a course in medicine, and, failing to accomplish his aim, entered Howard University at Washington, D. C., any way October, 1889. Finding such an undertaking to be a difficult one without funds, he entered the civil service examination, and being a successful applicant was appointed to a clerical position in the Interior Department, finishing in medicine during this clerical period under considerable strain, being at his desk from 9 a. m. till 4 p. m., and attending lectures at night (as all professional schools of that city had night sessions only.) He graduated with honors from Howard in 1892.

He left Washington, after having passed the State Board examination of Mississippi, to locate in Vicksburg, where he lived and practiced his profession for the past thirteen years. He had met with great success as a physician, and enjoyed the highest respect and confidence of his own as well as the white people. "He was the flower of the Negro medical profession of the State." He had been for ten years a member of the Board of Examining Surgeons for the Pension Bureau, and was secretary to that body. He ranked high in the bureau as a painstaking and thorough official. While on a visit to the Pension Office in Washington he was introduced to the Commissioner of Pensions, who paid him the compliment of "sending the best report and medical papers of any medical examiner on the board in these United States." While he wrote many papers of interest which were read on various occasions, ht had the distinction of being an ever ready extemporaneous speaker. He is the author of a treatise on lockjaw with carbolic acid cure, which was read before the Medico-Chirugical Association at Jackson, Miss., in May, 1901, of which association he was two terms elected its president. As such Dr. Woode had the distinction of being the first Negro to preside in any deliberative body in Mississippi's new $2,000,000 capitol building. He was the founder of the Union Savings Bank of Vicksburg, and was its president from the date of its organization to the time of his death. He was one of the few thirty-third degree Masons of his race in the State; was a member of the Vicksburg Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar; Patriarch in Odd Fellowship; Supreme Treasurer of Knights of Canaan; Grand Medical Director, Knights of Pythias; Supreme Medical Director of Knights and Ladies of Honor of the World; State Medical Examiner of the Court of Calanthe; member of United Woodmen and other fraternities with which few stood higher. In the church as in temporal affairs he directed his energy to the pleasure of his God and the benefit of his fellowmen. For nine years he served as steward of Bethel A. M. E. Church, rendering invaluable services in that capacity. He gave not only the benefit of his sound judgment, which was always respected, but in many instances he relieved the steward's board by financial assistance when that body would be unable to meet its obligations, and his charity was at any and all times to be relied upon.

During almost the entire period of his stewardship he was present at the official meetings, and took great interest in the affairs, and his advice,

[Continued on fourth page.]

BY "DOROTHY."

This column is devoted to the interests of women Address all communications to the Woman's Department, The Freeman, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE WOMEN OF THE HOGAN AGGREGATION

It has often been said that to know a woman you must find her in her home, then the same thing must be true of an actress, to know her you must meet them off the stage, and the women of the Hogan aggregation are well worth meeting. The time spent with them behind the scenes is as fascinating as the view across the calcium. Carita Day, the leading lady is just as sweet and lovable, with a mouth full of molasses kisses, baby like, waiting in the wings for her cue, as when she is Selina Giltedge, the ideal of Rufus Rastus. You fall in love with her straightway, not only the men but the women too.

Alice Mackey is as interesting as she is good looking, In speaking of her life she said, "I at one time thought I would give it up and while I was off the stage for three years, the old longing would come back, and then I studied hard and improved myself and now I am back again. I am sorry that I do not have an opportunity to show my friends this season especially in Indianapolis what I have learned." Miss Mackey is a good conversationalist with a well modulated voice, a voice that simply captivates you.

Mrs. Anna Cook Pankey, the possessor of the leading soprano is a pleasant little woman, who smilingly says she is "Mrs." in private life and with real appreciation that she is a native of Jacksonville, Fla. Muriel Ringold, the youngest offspring of Rev. and Mrs Newcoombe, seems as free from seriousness as when "she flops down on her mammy's foot," but she is serious enough to talk ambitiously of her work. There is on irresistible attraction about her, so full of life and free from that practiced fascination, that your heart goes out to her just like it does to all mischievous children.

Mamie Emerson who sung "Mobile Mandy" was seen here last season with the Smart Set and made a number of friends. She is quite as dashing off the stage as on. She is particularly happy this season. We will all know why before very long. Pearl Levan, the porter's sweetheart has the sweet "won't-come-off smile" and an abundance of beautiful black hair that is all her own. Sarah Green Byrd, the singer of "Old Kentucky Home" is Indiana's own daughter of whom she is very proud. When Mrs. Bryd was told that she was doing so wonderfully well and that her friends were so glad of her success, she modestly answered, "To know that my friends are proud of me, makes me work that much harder." There is something about her presence that bring to your mind the scene and feeling of "Old Kentucky Home." Nellie Dancy and Mollie Sullivan, chambermaids, are good-looking noticeably pleasant and seem to be able to get the best out of everything.

Then there are Georgia Mickey, Jennie Thompson, Maud and Mabel Turner, Pauline Hackney, Pinkey Cooper, Maria Thomas, Anita Wilkins, Maude Jones, Pearl Brown, Jeanette Foster, Madge Warren. Bertha Gillespie and Amy Leslie, who appear equally as well in every particular and as happy as 'Is Everybody Happy?"

While the actresses of this company are giving to the public, the women's contribution to the success of Rufus Rastus on the stage, there is another woman whose part is as necessary as he leading lady and that is the wardrobe mistress, Madame Wilkes. She is a woman of pleasing personality, pretty white hair, and eyes that show that she has sufficient temper to take care of herself, and sufficiently well-bred to control it under the most trying circumstances, while she talks with a delightful French accent. Her duty is to keep all costumes in good order and you know how exceedingly well she does it. Madame Wilkes has had several years experience in this work and is a milliner by trade. This is her first season with a colored show.

All these women who are essential to the progress of Mr. Hogan's company are hard workers and very busy. For the most part they are cultivated, refined and determined to do well. While hey are pleasant and even c nfidentia after they find that you are in sympathy with their work, they have that half haughty coldness that in time comes to all women in public life. For the world finds pleasure in censuring a women anyway especially when her work brings her in constant contact with men. Every night and almost every day these women amuse the public, and who knows what good they are doing? At some performance to some low-spirited disconsolate soul, the evening's pleasure may be the turning point in that individual's life. The real reward for having done the best they can with the talent and opportunities given them, will come with that rest when He shall judge them and not the people.

FACTS FROM THE FALLS CITY

A NOTED DIVINE NOW WRITING A MUCH NEEDED BOOK

SOCIAL FADS AND FANCIES

Negro Supporters of Mayor Barth Clamoring for Recognition.—Ernest Hogan, Tom Logan and Rufus Rastus Coming.—Tom Cole's Enterprise.

Louisville, Ky., Special.—Rev. Ernest Hall, pastor of Mt. Pisgah Baptist church, Bloomington, Ill., vice-presidrnt of the National Baptist Convention for the State of Illinois, and Moderator of the Wood River Baptist Association, the oldest Associatson of that denomination among our people in the country, is in the city for a few days, the guest of Dr. L. G. Jordan. He is recuperating from an aggressive campaign through tne South, in the interest of the work of the National Baptist Convention. and will visit Evansville, Indianapolis and other points before returning to his home. Dr. Hall is preparing a book on "Pastoral Theology," a guide for systematic service in the ministry for young ministers, which is to be published within the year. It is the first volume on this subject ever written by a colored devine, and is especially adopted to the peculiar needs of the clergy of the Negro race. For this reason, the book will be of vast benefit to our people, and theologians of both races who have been privileged to see the advance sheets of the more vital chapters, unite in praise of its practical value. Dr. Hall is a gentleman of pleasing personality, and has made an excellent impression upon the progressive people of the Falls City.

The funeral of Prof. E. L. Jordan, late principal of the Bardstown public schools toook place at Cavalry Baptist church Tuesday afternoon of last week, Rev. C. H. Parrish cfficiattng. He was past officer in the Olive Branch Lodge, Good Somaritans, and was thirty-two years of age. The funeral was largely attended by the citizens of Louisville and by friends from the surrounding country.

Dr. R. S. Rives, of Broadway, of Broadway Zion Church, preached an unusally able sermon Sunday at Jones Chapel, New Albany, the occasion being the third quarterly meeting of that church. Dr. Rives is being spoken of far and near as suitable material to be moulded into a bishop by the next General Conference of his connection, and it is practically conceded that he will be elected. He is editing a sprightly denominational sheet known as The Zion Methodist, and all things considered, is the most active pastor in the city in promoting enterprises looking to the uplift of the whole people.

The skating rink fever is on here, with a vengeance, two rinks being open at present, each capturing a goodly share of the business. Odd Fellows' Hall at the corner of Walnut and 13th streets, known as the Douglass Rink, is owned by a white firm, with Leonard Haley, as floor manager. The I. S. H. Hall at the corner of 9th. and Broadway is occupied by the Palace Rink, owned by A. B. McAfee. of the United States Revenue Service, with Carey B. Lewis as floor manager. Mrs Minnie McAfee is in immediatel charge and, her genial hospitality has won for the institution widespread popularity, and in Mr, Lewis is an able assistant. The Henley ball-bearing skate is used here, and it has given the visitors eminent satisfaction. Both rinks will continue as long as the patronage seems to justify their existence.

Miss Nannie H. Burroughs is quite ill, and has gone to Beard's station for treatment and rest. Miss Burrougns is a wonderfully energetic young woman, and her friends fear that in her zeal for her work, she has overtaxed her strength. She is missed at the Woman's Industrial Club and Bapsist Foreign Mission Board.

Miss Lena Richardson, David, of Cincinnati, a teacher in the school at Early Times, near Bardstown, came over to attend the funeral of Prof. Jordan. She was the guest of Mrs. Walker, in West Walnut street, and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thompson, of New Albany.

The Treble Clef is announced to appear in a grand production of Gilbert & Sullivan's well-known comic opera "Pinafore," sometime in May. Frank B. Waring will close his theatrical season in the far West in time to come on to conduct the reheasals. He is to assume his favorite role of "Sir Joseph Porter."

Word comes from Tom Logan, Louisville's popular comedy star, that Ernest Hogan and the big "Rufus Rastus" company will put in the week of May 20, in this city at the Avenue Theatre. Mr. Logan has been confined in a New York hospital for several weeks, but was able to rejoin the party at Indianapolis and going on to Chicago. He has not forgotten his host of friends at Louisville, and asks your correspondent to remember him kindly to all who remember him He begs to assure his well-wishers that "he's just as young as he used to be " The Avenue Theatre will do a record breaking business when Ernest Hogan, Tom Logan, Miss Mickie, Alice Mackey, J. Ed Green, Harry Fiddidr, Muriel Ringold, Anthony Byrd, Will Pierce and the rest come 'round.

Thomas Cole is fitting up a bandsome ladies and gent's cafe over his establishment at the corner of Tenth and Walnut streets, and he promises that it will be conducted in first-class style, equal in every way to the famous cafes of Gaskins & Gaines, Gray & Costley in Washington, which are patronized by the elite of that social center. Louisville has long been behind the times in high-grade restaurant accommodatihns for our people, and Mr. Cole deserves commendation for thus courageously investing his money in an effort to satisfy a longfelt want.

Dr. J. E. Ford, the new president of the State University, now in Denver, Colo., winding up his affairs, will return to Louisville to be present at the commencement. May 14 to 17, after which he will assume full chaage. He will have the cordial suppopt of the Baptists of Kentucky in his new work, as well as the heartp good will of all denominations represented in the Commonwealth.

The A. M. E.'s have purchased the old Lampton Street Baptist Church and Mrs. Lena Mason, the successsul revivalist has been placed in charge temporarily. The church is being conducted as an east end mission of Quinn Chapel.

Bishop Evans Tyree has been in town and lectured at Quinn Chapel, his "old stamping ground."

The colored citizens who supported Mayor Paul C. Barth at the last city election are clamoring ior recognition of some kind under the municipal government. They ought to have it, for without the Negro vote, Mayor Barth would today have been a private citizen, instead of the official head of the Gate City of the South.

TOM RICHARDSON.

KEOKUK IOWA.

The A. M. E. church have begun revival meetings and have secuaed the services of Mrs. McDonald, of Chicago one of the most successful evangelists of the Middle-west of the A. M. E. church.—The funeral of Adam Weaver was largely attended at the Seventh Street Baptist church Sunday afternoon. The services were held by Rev. M. Smothers —The Freeman can be secured at 922 Des Moines

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MERIDIAN MISSISSIPPI.

Robert Norwood, age 46 years, died at his late home, March 24, after a week's illness of pneumonia. He wus born in Alabama and came to Meridian about five or six years ago and was married to Mrs. H. F. Sanders. He was a carpenter, and a member of the Masons Lodge No. 113, The funeral services were conducted by Rev. L S. Lee and Rev. M. S. Jones at the New Hope Baptist church.—Charles Lewis, engiginer on the A. & V., one of the best on the road lost his life in an accident on engine 405. His fireman, Bud Gipson was badly scalded. Z. O. Mitchell and J. W. Longworth, pasotl clerks were badly bruised also.—The Knights of Pythias and Calanthe Court held their annual services at St. Paul M. E. church.—Rev. H. L. Young who has been visiting his family has returned to Greenwood.

TESTIMONIAL.

I have used two bettles of Ford's Hair Pomade, formerly known as "Ozonized Ox Marrow," and my hair is black and long and straight. I will not be without it Everybody that sees my hair wants to try "Ford's Hair Pomade."—Eliza J. Johnson, Sessumville, Miss, March 6, 1906.

For further information see advertisement "Ford's Hair Pomade" on another page.

I have seen the original of the above testimonial, and know it to be genuine. —Ed. The Freeman.

A Napoleon of Finance

[Original.]

Wilfred Dealey was an original. He never did anything as any one else would do it, and it must be admitted that in nine out of ten cases he made lamentable failures. He was fortunate in the possession of a wife who had unbounded confidence in him. Where others saw simply shiftlessness, a propensity for gambling or the attributes of a natural born fool, Mrs. Dealey saw the inspiration of genius. Instead of complaining when there was nothing to eat in the house that she had a good for nothing husband, she simply sighed and said that when the scheme Mr. Dealey was working turned out brilliantly there would be a-plenty.

But between the present and the future reaping of such a reward of perseverance small debts accumulated. They were getting so oppressive that everybody was beginning to wonder how Mr. Dealey would support himself under their weight when he solved the problem by taking his departure for the Klondike. This was considered the only real bit of management that Mr. Dealey was entitled to feel proud of. Mrs. Dealey declared that the debts had nothing to do with her husband's departure; that he had heard of a wonderful claim owned by a friend of his who needed money to push it, and Mr. Dealey had gone out to help him. This occasioned a smile on the face of the listener, who wondered where the impecunious Dealey was to get the necessary means. Indeed, it appeared to be a case of the blind leading the blind.

But Marshal Ney did not cover the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow more successfully than did Mrs. Dealey cover her husband's flight to the Klondike. When the mortgage on the house was about to be foreclosed she showed the mortgagor a clipping from a Klondike paper mentioning the immense returns of a mine in which Wilfred Dealey was part owner. When the grocer refused any further credit Mrs. Dealey showed a similar clipping from another paper, mentioning another mine in which her husband was part owner. The butcher and the baker were shown still other articles, and when they compared notes it appeared that Mr. Dealey must have an interest in the principal mines in the Klondike. Then they all let up on the plucky little woman and kept her supplied with what she needed.

One day Mr. Dealey returned. He was well dressed and looked prosperous. He went about among his fellow townsmen borrowing on the next dividend on his different mines in the Klondike, paying a high rate of interest, which he said he could easily afford to do. He was raising funds for a new deal, out of which he expected to make a large profit.

"Oh, that little matter," he would say to the collector contemptuously, when pressed for the amount of a bill, "I'll get around to that just as soon as I get settled. You see, I've been away a good while, and my dividends on my mines are only just commencing. When they get up to $500 a day, as they certainly will within six months, I'll call in and pay the amount. And, say, tell your employer to charge up 10 per cent interest from date of purchase. Big interest? A mere bagatelle. I've paid 25 per cent a month for money in the Klondike, but I could afford to. With the money I secured a claim worth a million."

Such lordly talk as this could not fail to inspire confidence, and while Mr. Dealey was strengthening his credit with the men Mrs. Dealey was chatting with the women about her husband's wonderful ability as a financier. And in this the good woman was not mistaken. Any man who can pay debts with promises and get loans on the creations of his brain is indeed a financial genius.

It was plain that Mr. Dealey was in some big scheme, more remarkable even than his gold mines. This was evident from the large sums he had borrowed. Two different banks that had difficulty in loaning their money safely and at a good interest got into fierce competition for Mr. Dealey's loans, but he quieted their ardor by taking all they both had for him. It seemed that the more he borrowed the more he could borrow. When the quarterly interest on the first loans fell due he coolly wrote on the back of the notice "Charge it up."

But suddenly there was a big scare among Mr. Dealey's creditors. A man from the Klondike came to town who claimed that there were no such mines there as those described in the newspaper clippings Mrs. Dealey had shown her neighbors. Another person from New Orleans claimed to have seen Mr. Dealey in that city when he was supposed to have been in the Klondike. The creditors all pounced upon Mr. Dealey at once. He restored confidence simply by a smile. Then he said:

"Tomorrow I shall begin to pay off my debts."

Cotton was soaring, and Mr. Dealey spent most of his time at a long distance telephone ordering sales on the exchange. One evening he went home to his wife, and, putting his arm about her, said:

"My dear, I figure up a profit of $155,000."

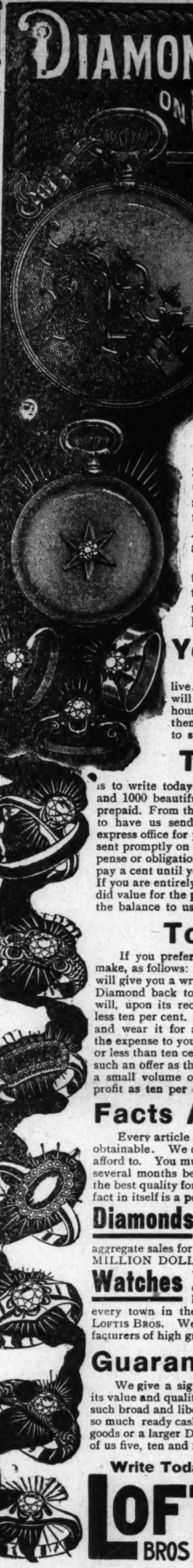
"Oh, Wilfred, what a bright man you are!"

Mr. Dealey had made up his mind to go in for the next rise in cotton. While he was supposed to be in the Klondike gathering in gold mines he was in the south studying the cotton problem. With the credit manufactured in the former he reaped a harvest in the latter.

And everybody said: "What a genius that man Dealey is. His wife is the only one who saw his wonderful ability."

WILLARD C. IRVING.

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES ON EASY PAYMENTS



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is known throughout the entire United States from Maine to California and from Canada to the Gulf. Hundreds of thousands of pleased customers are the best testimonials as to its popularity and merits. As a successful business it stands without a parallel.

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is to write today for our Handsome Catalogue containing 66 pages, and 1000 beautiful illustrations—we will send it promptly and fully prepaid. From this Catalogue select the articles which you would like to have us send to your home, place of business or to your local express office for your critical inspection. Whatever you select will be sent promptly on approval—practically on trial. You assume no expense or obligation whatever—we pay all express charges—you do not pay a cent until you see the article sent, examine it and decide to buy. If you are entirely pleased with your selection and consider it splendid value for the price asked, you pay one-fifth and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments.

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If you prefer to buy for cash, we have a unique proposition to make, as follows: Pay cash for any Diamond that you wish, and we will give you a written agreement to the effect that you can send the Diamond back to us at any time during the ensuing year, and we will, upon its receipt, refund to you in spot cash all you paid for it less ten per cent. For instance, you might pay $50 for a Diamond and wear it for a year, then return it to us and get $45, making the expense to you for wearing a fine Diamond a whole year only $5, or less than ten cents per week. No other house can afford to make such an offer as this, for the simple reason that small concerns doing a small volume of business cannot operate on so small a margin of profit as ten per cent.

Facts About Our Business

Every article sold by LOFTIS BROS. & Co. is of the highest grade obtainable. We do not handle any cheap, shoddy goods. We can't afford to. You must remember that our customers have their goods several months before they are fully paid for and if they were not of the best quality for the money we would certainly be the losers. This fact in itself is a positive guarantee to every thoughtful person.

Diamonds We are the largest Diamond House in the world. With our enormous Mail Order Business, selling Diamonds in every State in the Union, our aggregate sales for the past year exceeded TWO AND ONE HALF MILLION DOLLARS—for DIAMONDS ALONE.

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Guarantee and Exchanges

We give a signed certificate with every Diamond sold, attesting its value and quality. No other house ever gave a guarantee with such broad and liberal provisions. Diamonds bought of us are just so much ready cash whenever you desire to exchange them for other goods or a larger Diamond. We frequently accept Diamonds bought of us five, ten and fifteen years ago.

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HEAD, SECOND AND SIDE WAITERS.

"For the man who works with brain or hand."

HEADQUARTERS: 111 West 27th Street, New York.

WESTERN BRANCH 325 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

TO HAVE AND NOT TO HOLD

Under the above headline I desire to make special mention of an avocation—one in which so many of the men of our race are engaged—that has served a two-fold, if not a many-fold purpose in California. Early in 1902 the Southern Pacific railroad concluded to better the dining conditions upon their system of roads, that they may meet in competition the lucrativeness of the Fred Harvey system installed on the Santa Fe. I at that time wrote a personal letter to the management of that road in which I pointed out the advantages and value of employing colored help, naming in particular, the existance of an inexhaustable supply, obtainable at all times in the South. Let us forget of the possible influence of this letter and note the fact that when they (S. P. R R) did open their eating houses at Humboldt and Battle Mountain, Nev., and dining cars were placed on their lines, colored help was used from chef down, waiters inclusive. The first fold purpose rendered by this act is found, in the fact that it opened to our men an old accustomed, yet remunerative job, so individually his of old, that only his inefficiency or his own badness alone could possibly oust him. Japanese and Chinese help were not, at that time, desirable, and the very fact that the dining car superintendent of that road was a well seasoned Southerner who knew the worth of our people as servants, put at rest any move to install the use of other help, and "thus we once had."

But the yelping voice of the coyotes in the desert near Humboldt and Battle Mountain, Nev., made a weird contrast to the remembered festive melodies of the once fair Southland, then to these colored waiters may have said "what's the use of money if you can't spend it." These discomforts of mind doubtless made it impossible to keep Negro help there and at other eating houses on the Southern Pacific railroad system. Japanese were hired for these places while recently they were placed on the buffet cars between Oakland, Cal, and Portland, Oregon, as an experiment with a promise that, if satisfactory, they would replace all the colored men who are employed as such west of the Sierra Nevadas.

White dining car crews were, some time ago, placed on several lines out of Oakland and San Francisco. It has been but a short while since colored help was moved from the overland limited trains on the Southern Pacific railroad and white used in their stead. I predict that within the course of a short time colored help will be entirely dispensed with on the line mentioned.

I dare say that if the true deportment of each man that has been "let out" was known the report would show up bad service, to free use of liquor and general deficiencies to be a part of the rightful cause. At the "Denver and Rio Grande" depot in Salt Lake City, Utah, the other day I saw four dining car waiters (colored) shooting craps on a table by an open window of a car directly opposite the depot while scores of people stood waiting for their trains. This happened not to be on the Southern Pacific, but that which has caused one road to discard the colored help from the service of that road is always sufficient and a precedence for other roads upon which to act. Several roads in the East do not use Negro help.

How impressive ought it to be imprinted upon our minds that it is the bad little things done by the few of us that cause the race to wear its yoke of oppression. If each one could be made to understand that every act he may do goes to help make a grand total either for or against us as a race, and that if they would refrain from petty self-degrading acts our universal estimate would be raised, and our rating change on the gamut of progress of races.

The second-fold purpose wrought in the act under consideration has manifested itself in the quality of those who have come to our shores (California, etc) Whatever may have been the prime inducement to migrate, the act of itself shows enery and a discontent with present conditions, or a progressiveness so prevalent in our moving people from the South. By this the standard of the colored people on the Pacific shores have been greatly enhanced. Business avocations have increased among us, and the churches seem to be prospering, at least, numerically and financially.

Frankly admitting that in some States there are those of us who do not merit every privilledge granted in equal social laws, yet, when you survey our street corners for the lazy loafer, search California cities in vain for Negro dives and hoodlum districts your search will have you know that they do not exist among us. A visit on Monday morning to the police courts will give evidence of the law-abiding citizenship reigning here. Furthermore, no other evidence save the face that greets you at a door will aid you in guessing the nationality of the king of that palace. The accumulation of worthless, yet time honored junk in the front and back yard of a house in California is a sight seldom or never seen among our people of the Golden West.

Statistics show that in Oakland, Red Bluff and Frisco, Cal, seventy per cent of the Negro population own their homes or are paying for them. Although several avenues that once were open to them, they did not hold, their present status does not prove that a future will not present a deep regret, for opportunity and time are akin. They either are now or was then. We who have realty ownership here, if we will but hold even that, the progressive stride of the other race will surely enhance its value and the Negro of the West will be beyond all other Negroes of the world, demonstrate the feasibility and value of "home-ownership," the invincible doctrine of Dr. Booker T. Washington

W. R. MOTEN,
860 Brush, Oakland. California.

INDIVIDUAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

[One address line $4.00 per year; including subscription to The Freeman, in advance.]

HEADWAITERS.

J. W. Redmond, Headweiter of The Carroll, Vicksburg, Miss. 10-06.

C. W. Dwyer, headwaiter Commercial Club Minneapolis, Minn. 8-'05

C. H. Plummer, headwaiter Hotel Brunswick, Uniontown, Pa. 10-05

R. H. Bradley, Headwaiter Menger Hotel, San Antonio, Texas. 3-06

G. W. Bland, Headwaiter of The Oliver, South Bend, Ind. 12-06

HOTEL DIRECTORY

This column used exclusively for the addresses of hotels restaurants lodging and boarding houses and club rooms throughout the country, and intended as a guide for the traveling public—you business solicited.

Hotel Reformer—First class in all respects 900 N. 6th street, Richmond, Va. A. W. Holmes, manager.

Moore's Hotel—First-class roomsand board Rooms neatly furnished, 712 and 714 W. 9th street Little Rock, Ark.

Waldorf-Astoria Hotel—327 Laurel street, Hot Springs, Ark.

Cora's Lunch Room — 220 Fifth Street, Little Rock, Ark.

Black's Hotel—A modern first-class hotel for colored people, H. Black, Manager, Evansville, Ind.

The Parker House—Rooms, bath. J. W. Holliman, proprietor, Indianapolis, Ind.

HILL CITY HOTEL NEWS.

On March 19, 1906, the Vicksburg Waiters' Local No. 1, under the jurisdiction of the Head, Second and Side waiters National Benefit Association of America, was established with the following officers and members:

J. W. Redmond, headwaiter at the Carroll, president.

Henry Williams, vice-president

H F Foster, secretary.

William Young, treasurer.

Chester Lindsey, chaplain.

Joe Gilbert, sergeant at-arms.

Members—Thomas Smith, Lucious Jones, Frank Jones, Frank P. Plump, Geo. S. Melkins, Thomas Swan, Owen Hunter, Owen Smith, John McIntyre J. W. Bell, James Coleman, George McDotson, Will Joiner, James Carrel and Jesse Ford.

We have our meeting every Monday night and is largely attended. The Local is progressing nicely. We are continually adding members to our local. We are proud to say that every member of our local is financial with the National Benefit Association.

J. W. REDMOND, President.

MINNEAPOLIS NOTES.

Alas! the long felt need of a "Hotel" up to date in every particular has been supplied by our kind and most congenial headwaiter of the Commercial Club, Mr. C. W. Dwyer. Mr. Dwyer has been a resident of Minneapolis, Minn, for only a short while, having come here from St. Paul about four years ago to fill the position he now holds. He being a deep thinker and a quick observer viewed the situation and considered it his duty to do something to provide a place where our many theatrical friends as well as many others could enjoy the benefit of their money in nice quarters. The whole of Minneapolis will join and say hail, all hail, to C. W. Dwyer for the grand and most noble effort to uplift and elevate the race. Mr. Dwyer has a crew of about twenty-three waiters, including the dinner men, being assisted by H. Harris, who succeeded N. Riley as second waiter, and F. Baxter as first captain, C. Pemberton, second captain, and R. B. Johnson, first lieutenant, R. E Manly, second lieutenant.

Mr. J. A. Lee, one of the Commercial Club crew, has resigned to accept a position at the National Hotel.

R. L Buttner has been on the sick list, but he is up and able to be working again.

Mr. Sanders still holds his own as headwaiter at the Nicolet Hotel.

Sam Crawford is still headwaiter at the West Hotel, assisted by Mr. Scott.

The boys feel that there is some one missing out of their crew when they do not get The Freeman regularly.

J. A. Boykin, who has charge of the private dining rooms at the Nicolet, has been confined to his home with rheumatism for about six weeks, but we are proud to say that he is now able to be at his post of duty.

The boys have succeeded in going into "Crombie Cafe," succeeding a white crew, with Mr. A. Caldwell, formerly third waiter at the West Hotel, as headwaiter. This is the third time the boys have had a trial at this place within eighteen months, but they claim things are more favorable than ever.

Among the new arrivals at the Dwyer Hotel last week were the well-known Bert and Bertha Grant of the Orpheum Circuit, who are making a hit, and Mr. Field, secretary of Griffin G Logan of Holly Springs, Miss. They were well pleased and say that the Dwyer Hotel is second to none.

A reception was tendered Mrs. Preston of Detroit, Mich, at the residence of Mrs. Neal, 1828 Fifth avenue S, on March 12th, by the ladies of the different clubs, entertaining from 2 to 5 p. m. It was a very nice affair.

Bert B. Luckett and Matt Neal, formerly of Oklahoma City, O. T., are now with W. Alonzo Locke at the Hotel Gayoso, Memphis, Tenn.

Prosperity commands respect. Look prosperous, wear "Perfecto Diamonds" They add dignity and self respect. $1 J. L Edghill, 642 E. 141st St., N. Y.

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THE NEXT ANNUAL MEETING

Of the National Benefit Association of Head, Second and Sidewaiters in New York City May, 1906.

(Continued.)

Looking forward to the next annual convention, which will be held in the great metropolis, we have reason to expect not only a very large attendance of the best brain of the profession, but many needed changes and improvements in the working order of the association. Some plan must be drawn whereby the statistics of colored waiters can be correctly learned and kept by the organization.

It is absurd to have a national organization of this character that keep no correct record of the men who follow the occupation. This is easily ascertainable from the local organizations and members scattered throughout the States. There is no city or locality where we have not a member, and in many of the cities we have local organizations which should keep posted on the success and failure of the colored waiters in that State and also keep the national association informed on such changes and likewise on the success and improvents of waiters in that particular State and locality.

It is no great task to any member of the organization to write an occasional letter to the national grand secretary, giving him information of the changes both for and against the best interest of the colored waiter. This news could be then communicated to the members through the press and such publications as we have selected for the dissemination of the news.

The main fault of the members is that they hesitate to discharge these little duties they owe to the progress and well-being of the association. They think it the duty of some one else and likewise the other fellow believes it will be done by another and so it goes without attention.

The association is in need of wide-awake, thinking men, those who have ideas and are not afraid to express them. Men who not only have a personal interest in the association, but an enthusiasm that follows every change that will tend to improve the business of the organization.

We have a roll call that exceed a thousand, but unfortunate only a very small percentage of this thousand are thinking men. They all think in their own way, but only a small percentage express their thoughts so that they benefit their fellow workman.

It is not the man who talk the most that does the most good; some men have a faculty of doing great good by action, by the cleanly life they live; by the honest and fearless manner of their speech; by the cleanliness and warmth of their personality. These men accomplish as much as those who have ideas we approve.

There is an honesty of expression in the eyes of some who influence the confidence and respect of their friends; men whose word is sufficient endorsement to make friends pursue any course with zeal. This is the class of men the association appeals to, they are the spirit of the profession.

SHORT FLIGHTS.

Back to the farm for Marvin Hart.

* * *

Nature lays her richest treasures a the door of brains.

* * *

This is the era of the young man in politics and in business.

* * *

The heroism of Robert E. Lee and Joe Wheeler are a white man's assets, pure and simple.

* * *

Certain A. M. E. churchmen are quite fond of "Force" as a breakfast food, but draw the line at "Graham crackers."

* * *

In response to the inquiry of the Washington Bee touching our welfare, we beg to assure our esteemed contemporary that we are doing pretty well, thank you.

* * *

Editor Harry C. Smith of the Cleveland Gazette trots out Senator Joseph Benson Foraker as his entry in the presidential free-for-all in 1908 and is playing him for a place. This is no joke.

* * *

If a few of the Bourbons who hold seats in Congress, by virtue of known fraud, were sent home in disgrace, it might help the cause of honest elections in the South somewhat. Will the Republican majority dare to try it, at least as an experiment?

* * *

Industrial education materially enlarges the professional man's sphere of usefulness. An Alabama minister, with a knowledge of architecture and carpentry, being sent into a poor community to establish a church, drew up the plans himself and built a comfortable house of worship with his own hands.

R. W. THOMPSON.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE'S SILVER JUBILEE.

Twenty-five years ago little was known of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, but to-day wherever you may go you will, doubtless, find some one who has he rd or read something of the mighty efforts it has and is putting forth toward lifting a people. Men and women in the highest walks of life on both sides of the Atantic, hearing of its wonderful work, have gone miles this week in order that they may see exactly what this institution is like. From the many words of praise that have been spoken by many of these distinguished persons we feel sure that they find Tuskegee far beyond their expectations.

The thought of such men as Robert C. Ogden, of New York, Secretary of War Taft, Andrew Carnegie, President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, Isaac N. Seligman of New York, A. S. Frissell, president of the Fifth Avenue Bank, New York, Oswald Garrison Villiard, editor of the New York "Evening Post," and Dr. Edward Knox Mitchell of the Hartford Theological Seminary, turning themselves away from their very important duties for the special purpose of taking part in Tuskegee's Silver Jubilee shows very strongly how little attention has been given those who sought to condemn Tuskegee and its very able principal, Booker T. Washington. These men have seen that Mr. Washington had executed a fundamental plan by which a redemption of a people was being made, and so they "chose the better part." Mr. Andrew Carnegie made an address on the third day of the celebration to this end, when he sa d in part:

"If there still be doubters they must soon be convinced, for those who like us to-day have opportunities for seeing what is transpiring have all doubts dispelled.

We are on the right path, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, when we ask the educated and public spirited members of Southern society to permit us to co-operate with them in extending the influence of Tuskegee and her sister institutions and in elevating the colored race in every way, and we are also right in asking them to co-operate with us as citizens of the great Republic now more closely united into one harmonious whole than was ever possible before when the two antagonistic systems of freedom and slavery prevailed. There does not exist to-day a great nation so completely one in thought and feeling throughout all its wide domain as our own race. May it ever so remain! Let us do what we can to increase the sense of brotherhoods."

Brother Johnson, we feel that logic is good for all of us and facts are able to stand alone. It is just as easy to think your friends have special interests to be served as the other fellow until you have proofs, and then proofs talk much louder than abuse. But when you are in danger it is no defense to make faces at the man that is firing hot shot into your last ditch.

A Philadelphia paper has discovered that the loose change in this country is now being put into real estate. Well, better in land than gambling stock. If the country would be saved put it in land rather than let insurance grafters do the saving.

We often read of a man who killed some one and then himself, and we wonder why it did not occur to him to first kill himself.

Mrs George C. Hall is a leading member of the Frederick Douglass Center composed of the flower of the literary life of Chicago. Not long ago Mrs. Hall was chief promoter of a charity ball, which was voted the most imposing social function held in Chicago for many years. She is the wife and true help-meet of Mr. Geo. C. Hall, whose practical labors in behalf of Provident Hospital, together with its helpful propagandia against tuberculosis, has attracted to him the attention of the scientists of the na ion.

WHAT THE FREEMAN'S DREAMER DREAMED IN DREAMLAND.

"I must have been a-dreamin';
For all a- was a-seemin'
I woke up a-screamin'
My face was all a streamin'.
'An' my eyes they was a-glleamin'—
I must have been a-dreamin'—
A-dreamin' all o' the time!"

* * *

That the Washington Colored American is to be resurrected.

* * *

That Prof. W. H. Richards will be the next president of Howard University.

* * *

That Charlos Alexander has a different brand of stationery for every day of the week.

* * *

That the ladies of the various sewing circles have ceased to indulge in racy gossip.

* * *

That the depositors of the luckless Capital Savings Bank at Washington will be paid in full.

* * *

That Recorder J. C. Dancy has actually began work upon his long-promised "Life of Dr. J. C. Price."

* * *

That Jay Wesley Cromwell of antediluvian fame has been discovered with a new idea upon his person.

* * *

That ex-Congressman George H. White will be one of the new members of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

* * *

That L. M. Hershaw is considering an invitation to deliver the commencement address this year at Tuskegee Institute.

* * *

That the editors of the church organs earn every dollar of their salary as the receiving end of the kickers' weekly fusilade.

* * *

That the private lives of Dr. W. T. Vernon's detractors will show unprintable revelations were the searchlight turned on at power.

* * *

That Editor W. Calvin Chase has been seen coming out of the white house with a mysterious smile suffusing his capacious countenance.

* * *

That the Fates have picked out Charles W. Anderson as the logical—if not literal—successor to Thomas C. Platt in the United States Senate.

* * *

That 10,000 Negroes have placed one or more of Paul Lawrence Dunbar.s work in their libraries since the demise of the Afro-American poet-laureate.

* * *

That contestant A. P. Prioleau will be given the seat in Congress to which he was legally elccted by the sovereign voters of the first district of South Carolina.

* * *

That T. Thomas Fortune, William Monroe Trotter W. Calvin Chase and W. E. B. Dubois have organized a mutual admiration society with themselves as charter members.

* * *

That Prof. Jesse Lawson has joined the Catholic church, and will also accept the commissionership of the Jamestown Exposition for the District of Columbia and New Jersey.

* * *

That Giles B. Jackson, Director-General of the Negro Annex of the Jamestown Exposition, has signed Editor F. H. M. Murray as chief assistant at the munificent salary of $5.00 per minute.

* * *

That there will be a new deal in the principalship of the M Street High School, Washington, D. C., concerning which Prof. Roscoe Conkling Bruce is saying nothing, but looking "dreadful wise."

* * *

That Zion's long list of alleged laymen holding general offices turned out to be made up of women, occupying minor and non-salaried positions in the woman's department.

* * *

That the closs communion labor unions, in recognition of the common brotherhood of man, have opened their doors and thrown out a protecting arm to cover every member of the toiling millions irrespective of race or color.

EDITORIAL SQUIBS.

On to Tuskegee.

—x—

Ah! thank you, April.

—x—

Good weather is a future pleasantry just now.

—x—

The last call for the Easter bonnet is at hand.

—x—

How glorious ye editors spend thy spring days in the South.

—x—

If they got you last Sunday, do not let them continue to do so the rest of the year.

—x—

It is not the birds of spring that the poet should sing of, for awhile yet it is the birds on the hat.

—x—

Alas! New York is to fall in line with the rest of the progressive cities by doing away with all horse cars.

—x—

Three cheers for Indianapolis! It can now boast of publishing five Negro weekly papers and one monthly periodical.

—x—

Have you thought of the many happy hours the future holds for you—especially the hours to be spent in spring house cleaning?

—x—

The young Negro should remember that the man who carries a cane indicates two things—that the bearer either has a weak head or a weak back.

—x—

Just now the young wife may show a great amount of love and devotion, but do not think it is because of her wanting a new gown and bonnet, young husband.

—x—

President Roosevelt has received a letter of twenty closely written pages from an Ohio citizen in which he threatens to sue the government for $5,000,000 as damages for blighting the writer's literary prospects through various prosecutions. It may surprise the President to learn that the writer's literary prospects should be so costly.

—x—

Some of the petitions from ameteur detectives, anxious to serve the nation as members of the secret service, are fearfully and wonderfully constructed. One reached the service headquarters, last week, from a little town in the interior of Kentucky which is in a class by itself. The writer says:

"I am a travling Man handlin Patent medcin and I Can Gave yow names as Goods mens as this Country Can aford and for Secret Service they is no man I cant Lokite from a pictur A person Can Comit a Crimil 20 years and on leave that place and Be 50 or 65 years of age I no Him Just the Same for there is a mark that Cownt be Change I Dont think them is nothing in Detective Work I Cownt Do I have a remdy to Cure Eating Cancer and I am en Every Bodey Howse an Diffen town and State and all Class of People I remane yowrs truley."

Could there be a better demonstration of the fact that ignorance of "the best citizens" is very great and therefore, there can be but little wonder at the cannibalism that is frequently practiced in the South.

SCRIBES & SCRIBBLERS.

"Ebony" is the peculiar title of a new race magazine soon to be issued at Philadelphia by T. Wallace Swann.

* * *

Miss Athaline Peyton of Louisville, Ky., is to bring forth her highly praised cook book, "Peytonia," at an early date.

* * *

The Colored American Magazine for April contains a well written article on "Louisville and Its Negro People" from the pen of Carey B. Lewis.

* * *

J. C. Waters, Jr., is contributing some interesting comments on current events to the Washington Record, of which his father, Rev. J. C. Waters, is managing editor.

* * *

Dr. J. H. Manley and R. W. Thompson have been notified by Editor R. S. Rives that they have been added to the editorial staff of the sprightly Zion Methodist, published in the interest of the A. M. E. Zion connection at Louisville, Ky.

* * *

There is talk of launching a journal at Louisville, Ky., as the organ of the National Afro-American Council, under the direction of the general officers located there—five in number—headed by Dr. L. G. Jordan, corresponding secretary.

* * *

L. G. Gregory of South Carolina, one of the brightest young men in the Treasury Department, has been promoted. Mr. Gregory is also a practitioner of law, being a graduate of Howard's law department, and severed a term very satisfactorily as president of Bethel Literary at Washington, D. C.

* * *

M. M Lewey, the enterprising editor of the Florida Sentinel, Pensacola, Fla., will issue a mammoth trade edition in May. Mr. Lewey is the owner of the largest printing plant controlled by Negro capital in the South. He is now busily engaged in organizing the Florida State Business League as an adjunct to the National Negro Business League.

NOTED PHYSICIAN EXPIRES.

(Continued from First Page.)

when followed, proved invariably the best course to pursue in conducting the business of the church. He always attended the services of his church unless prevented by causes over which he had no control. He lived that life which awaits its reward in the world above.

The life of this prominent citizen constitutes an eloquent sermon on the various problems that are vexing the souls of thinkers of both the white and black races. One question clearly and plainly answered by the life of this man is that the reward that awaits uprightness, industry, self-respect and respect for the law is the same for one race as for the other. He was a type of the Negro in the highest and best development of the race. Let one live honestly and soberly, save money, gain the confidence of his fellows, lead an honorable life, and success and popular esteem are his reward. Dr. C. Henri Woode died at his home on Magnolia street Feb. 26, 1906. He had been ill several weeks and suffered with a complication of diseases. Although he had every attention that money and medical skill could provide, it was soon known that he could not recover. A few days before his death he told many around him that the pearly gates were standing ajar, and that he would soon be where there was no more sorrow. "I see my way clear," said he. "There is not a shadow of doubt." His last words were: "It is all over but the shouting."

The funeral was an event which will not be forgotten by the people now living in this city and many other sections of this State and country. The sermon was delivered by Rev. John J. Morant, the eloquent and scholarly pastor of Bethel A. M. E. Church, who, as prelate of the Knights Templars in full regalia of the order, made it both powerful and impressive. Rev. Morant is comparatively a young man, but his place in the community has been fixed by the powerful discourse in which he told of the deceased and the many good qualities and lessons of his life.

Rev. E. W. Benjamin, for several years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this city, delivered the eulogy, which was beautiful, presenting to the audience the thought that Dr. Woode's death was a likeness of the blessed Savior's when He said, "Not my will, but thine be done." Luke xxii, 40. The solo, "Beyond the Gates of Paradise," by Rev. R. T. Middleton, the rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, created a profound impression on the vast audience, which struggled for a glimpse of the inside of the church and the mass of humanity packed to the very doors. A solo, "Face to Face," by Mr. Peter R. Saunders, melted the vast congregation to tears and touched the hearts of many.

The choir sang softly, "There's Not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus," which was the last hymn Dr. Woode sang on the morning before he died.

The march to the cemetery was headed by the Knights Templars, mounted in full regalia, under the guidance of Eminent Commander Jere M. Blowe, the most conspicuous in the arrangement and conduct of the obsequies. The Knights of Canaan, led by the venerable Supreme president, W. H. Spriggs, was next in importance.

The Board of Directors from the Union Savings Bank, the Odd Fellows and many other fraternities fell in line to show in what high esteem the deceased was held. Two bands led all the procession and played alternately the most solemn marches. The fraternal organizations, the procession of carriages, horsemen and footmen reached from Belmont street on Washington to a point on Cherry, north of the Court House, nearly a mile in length. Hundreds of people representing all walks of life and all races and colors thronged the streets and attended the funeral. Among the prominent fraternal people present and those engaged in professional and educational work in the State and other parts of the country were Drs. H. E. Connor, Brookhaven, Miss.; L. H. Harris, Washington, D. C.; J. B. Banks and A. W. Dumas, Natchez; S. D. Redmond and E. W. Moore, Jackson; S. A. Miller and L. F. Miller, Canton; J. A. Miller, H. H. Proctor and Georgia Proctor, Vicksburg; Mr. Thomas F. Simms, Chicago, Ill.; President L. J. Rowan, Profs. Carrell and Craig, of Alcorn A. and M. College, Loman; Prof. and Mrs. J. A. Martin, Prof. W. H. Lanier, Mrs. S. D. Redmond, Misses Linnie Redmond, Josie Washington, Maud Goodson, Mr. and Mrs. Rischer, Lawyers Beadle and Howard, Mr. R. D. Picket, all of Jackson, Miss.; Prof. W. H. Brumfield, Natchez; Mr. James Hill, Valley Park; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wallace, Greenville; Mrs. Udoxie McAllen, Foreman, Ala.; Mr. R. H. Smith, Mrs. Ellen White, Mr. Wm. Demby, Rodney, Miss.; Messrs. Dennis and Joseph Hennessy, Rolling Fork; Rev. A. D. Snodgress, Port Gibson; Mrs. Annie Turner Jones and mother, Tallula, La.; Rev. A. C. Dunham, St. Joseph, La.; Mr. and Mrs. Bracy, Mr. Cade, Mr. Albert Parker, E. W. Jones, G. Wilson, Green Joice, Jackson, and many others.

Floral tributes were numerous and beautiful in the extreme. They were as follows:

Cross, by the Knights Templars.

Pillow, "At Rest," Drs. Leroy H. Harris, Washington, D. C., and H. E. Connor, Brookhaven, Miss.

Pillow, "Supreme Treasurer," Knights of Canaan.

Anchor, Mrs. John W. Strother, Greenville, Miss.

Star, Union Savings Bank, Vicksburg.

Wreath, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wallace, Greenville, Miss.

Anchor, Valley Dry Goods Company, Vicksburg.

Wreath, Dr. Leonard W. Lewis, Chicago, Ill.

Cross, Mr. Thomas F. Simms, Chicago, Ill.

Anchor, Alumni of Howard University, Washington, D. C.

Wreath, Mr. A. P. Bedou, New Orleans, La.

Cross, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Dumas, Natchez, Miss.

Wreath, Rev. Wm. Lyman, Vicksburg.

Cross, Mr. and Mrs. D. Brown, Vicksburg.

Stor, Mrs. Louisa White and mother, Vicksburg.

Cross, Mr. Isham Hartsfield, Vicksburg.

Wreath, Miss Irene Bowman, Vicksburg.

Bouquet, Misses Inez and Minnie Foote, Vicksburg.

Star, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Crayton, Vicksburg.

Cross, Mrs. Mary Taylor, Vicksburg.

Anchor, Mrs. Mary Prowell, Vicksburg.

Bouquet, Mrs. Lettie Fairfax, Vicksburg.

Bouquet, Mrs. Virginia Clarke, Vicksburg.

Pillow, Miss Mamie Reynolds, Vicksburg.

Cross, Mrs. Frances Ware, Vicksburg.

Wreath, Mrs. Mary Bell, Vicksburg.

Wreath, Miss M. L. Harrison, Vicksburg.

Wreath, Misses Alice G. and Jennie, Laws, Vicksburg.

Anchor, Miss Mattie De Ampert, Vicksburg.

Flowers, Miss Lucile Hampton, Vicksburg.

Cross, Mrs. Mamie Taylor, Vicksburg.

Cross of violets, Mr. Calvin Trotman, Vicksburg.

Dr. Woode was married July 18, 1894, to Miss Jannette E. Dunham, of Vicksburg, once a most popular teacher in the city schools and a musician of great ability, having had training in music at Fisk University and in Washington, D. C. He leaves her with three small children well provided for.

THE POEMS OF Paul Laurence Dunbar

THE LATE NEGRO POET

Any of the Volumes of Dunbar's Poems mentioned below will be sent post-paid upon receipt of price. Fill out and mail order blank below.

Lyrics of Lowly Life, 16 mo. cloth.... $1.10 postpaid
Lyrics of the Hearth-Side, " ...... 1.10 "
Lyrics of Love and Laughter, " .... 1.10 "
Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow, " ... 1.10, "
Poems of Cabin and Field, illustrated, 8vo. $1.35 postpaid.
Cand'e Lightin' Time, illustrated 8vo $1.65 postpaid
When Malindy Sings, " " 1.65 postpaid
"Li'l' Gal" .... " " 1.65 postpaid
'Howdy, Honey, Howdy", " 1.65 postpaid

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Enclosed find money order for $ ....*for which send me postpaid,*............................ (Write title of books .... wanted on these lines)
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Name..
Address..
.... *State* ....

Most Healthful Food in the World

Whole Wheat Cooked and Steamed, Mixed With Pure Malt Extract, Baked Crisp and Brown.

Careless eating leads to a lot of troubles that are hard to cure but easy to prevent. You are sure to suffer if you eat much food which you cannot digest easily. Headaches, dyspepsia, "billiousness," and even more serious ailments follow with certainty. Your vital energy and muscular power become sluggish.

If you will prevent you won't have to cure. Prevention is easy. Just remember this—easily digested, nutritious food makes health and vitality. It must be nutritious food that the human system can readily assimilate. The mere tact that a food is nutritious is not enough. If you cannot get the nutrition out of the food it does you no good.

We know of no other food that so richly endows the human body with health and vitality as does Malta-Vita, the perfect whole-wheat food. This is because Malta-Vita is not only so nutritious, but so easily digested that every one of its life-giving elements is taken up by the blood. It builds muscles, refreshes the brain, makes rich red blood and charges the whole body with energy.

Malta-Vita is the whole of the best white wheat, cooked and steamed, freely mixed with pure barley malt extract, then rolled into wafer flakes and baked crisp and brown. The malt extract, a powerful digestive agent, converts the starch of the wheat into maltose or malt sugar, a most valuable food and so easily digested that it does not distress even the weakest stomach.

Malta-Vita is the most healthful food in the world, and there is no other so good to eat. It's good whenever you are hungry. All grocers sell Malta-Vita. Now 10 cents.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacement, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. I have nothing to sell. This is a case of woman helping woman. I send it Free. Address Mrs. A. B. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

CHURCH'S PARK AND AUDITORIUM.

To the Theatrical World:

A new star has arose and demands universal consideration of the many theatrical managers and proprietors, in the position of a Park and Auditorium general Amusement House for theatricals and conventions. In attending Black Patti Troubadours engagement, you could get "S. R. O.," and its situation is such that from a moment's notice a large audience can be collected. Its seating capacity is 2200, beautifully lighted by electricity; cars stop at the door; centrally located; large and spacious dressing rooms. Stage 25x75 feet; height to rigging 46 .6; drops 20x32.

R. R. CHURCH & SON, PROPS.
MEMPHIS, TENN.

Can use good acts at all times.

Reference.—Voelckel & Nolan, Rusco & Holland C. Jay Smith, Billy Kersands.

HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE.

This great book is worth its weight in gold. Send 60 cents by registered letter for it. E. M. Goines, 744 Harvard street, Washington, D. C.

BILLY KERSANDS MINSTREL NOTES,

Our company is reporting for duty happy and looking the picture of health. The famous Billy Kersands is manifesting his real worth to himself and race vividly wherever he is seen. He works better and smother and looks younger than he has for years. He is astonished to see the people of the East so anxious to see him. In a great many places there is nothing left to sell when we come but standing room. We are proud to be able to say that we are able to please any audience with ease, Another feature of the show is J. A. Watts, the reknowned tenor soloist. T, O. Mills, America's favorite mezzo soprano is proving awlful warm company for all noted singers to meet. W. A. Dixon is another one of our sweet soloist well known from coast to coast. James Lacy, the bank master, spent a very pleasant evening at Pittsburg with P. G. Lowery and Fred Hammond. Mr. Hayden, trap drummer joined us at Pittsburg. George Reeves closed on the twentieth to go to the Pekin at Chicago.

J. C. ROCKWELL'S SUNNY SOUTH COMPANY NOTES.

Business remains the same. The lenten season fal s to effect our business at all. We are now working toward Massachusetts and Connecticut. We close May 9 and after a two weeks' lay off, we then open under canvas for the summer and play the New England country until August, then we open in opera houses larger and better than ever. Miss Gertrude Holden was called to Tarifvil e, Conn., to attend the the funeral of her father, March 15, who died after an illness of six weeks with typhoid fever. Miss Holden has the sympathy of the entire company in her bereavement. Happy Billy Briggs and his very funny monologue and parody never fail to set them laughing. The Thomas' make good with their dancing and Montrose Douglass in cycle feats hold them spellbound. James Turner does the greatest burlesque roller skoting act known. And judging from press comments our name will not be forgotten. The Thomas' are booked with the Great Wallace Circus with P. G. Lowery's vaudevill attraction

The Stage

rehearsing an act consisting of five people, which promises to be original and great. Mr. Cook has good booking for the act as soon as it is in readiness. Friends write to 156 West Sixty-second street.

The Millican Minstrel Company is on the road again, showing to a big business. Sam Davies desires to hear from Frank Inman and Billy Arnte sends regards to all old friends,

Williams & Stevens, travesty artists, who have for the past few months been taking a much-needed rest in Chicago, are themselves again. Last week they they were features at the Avenue Theatre with the Florn Theatre at Madison, Wis., to follow. They have signed contracts with J. E. Comerford's Troubadours, to open at Boston, June 1,

The Howard, Porter and Watson's Ragtime Opera Company with the Delgaram Carnival Company has a complete change of program every day and paoking the house to the doors. It is an organization of all colored performers and women and children are protected from everything objectionable. They are now in Miami, Fla.

"The Umpire" the pleasing musical comedy was presented for the two hundredth time at the La Salle Theatre, at Chicago, April 2. A handsome souvenir was given each woman attending that performance. The piece has taken Chicago by storm and is a thoroughly modern and up-to-date play. Cecil Lean has the leading comedy role. It is probable that the piece will remain at the La Salle the remainder of the season.

The rebuilt Pekin Theatre in Chicago opened last Saturday night, March 31. Manager Robert T. Motts was g eeted by a host of old friends and the popular playhouse inaugurated a season that bids fair to outstrip all previous records. The Pekin has been remodeled from top to bottom and is a beauty. It has a seating capacity of about 1,200, and is conceded to be the largest and finest theatre now in the country, owned by Afro-Americans.

Williams & Walker are announced to appear May 1, at Convention Hall, Washington, D. C., under the management of Will Marion Cook, the eminent composer and musical director, by special arrangement with Melville B. Raymond, presenting their great New York success, "Abyssinia." Mr. Cook, who composed the music of "Abyssinia" is a Washingtonian, and studied music in Berlin under Joachim and Dvorak. This will be Williams & Walker's only appearance in the South,

Just before the appearance of "The Clansman" in Baltimore last month, J. J. McCarthy and another white man, advance agents of the Tom Dixon show, were obliged to leave the St. James Hotel because every Negro in the place from the headwaiter down to the bellboy, absolutely refused to do anything for them on account of their connection with the play McCarthy complained to the proprietor, but he said he could do nothing with the waiters or helpers, and the fellows had to "take their clothes and go" Race prejudice is a two-edged sword, and the Negro is discovering that it pa s at times to make it cut their way. Dixon has found to his sorrow that the so-called non-resisting Negro does now know how to strike back when struck. "Lex talionis" is no the sole property of the white race.

C. E. Hawk is a traveling agent for The Freeman and is now touring the South.

Williams & Walker opened at the Park Theatre, at Philadelphia, Pa., April 2.

Ray Trusty will put on a show for the summer with twelve people at Atlantic City, N. J.

Mallory Bros., Brooks and Halliday, the musical artists will be seen at the Grand Theatre, Indianapolis the week of April 116.

The Beechums are making a great hi in their sketch, "The Coney Island Aristocrats" with Proctor's Arkansaw Minstrels.

The father of Al. F. Watts, of the Black Patti Troubadours, died very suddenly at Chicago and was buried at Indianapolis this week.

A. G Jones, cornetist writes that he is still in the business and sends regards to the Jolly Prices and to the musical Reeves Joe Miller and John Andersan write. Have something of importance to tell you.

Ernest Hogan underwent a painful operation at the Post Graduate Hospital at Chicago, April 3. He will be able to resume his part with the Rufus Rastus Company at Milwaukee the week of April 8.

Charles Woods, the silver toned tenor of Philadelphia is filling an engagement at the Dockstader Theatre at Wilmington, Del., this week

The Clermontos, Frank and Etta were the hit of the bill at the Novelty Theatre at Denver, Colo. While in the city they were the guests of the Edwards.

Madam Marie Corbin Hood, a New England prima Donna is "concerting" in Massachusetts cities. She appeared in Springfield March 28 in a popular recital.

The Buckingham Theatre, Tamda, Fla., has been reopened by R. B. Donaldson. It has been rebuilt with a large stage 20x24 and a new gallery. Buddie Glenn stage manager, Allan Moore, J. Williams, Kid Fox are booked at this house.

The Whitman Sisters are doubling their success in New York City. They are now

HONOLULU MINSTRELS.

The company are all well and doing nicely. Business has been about the average. We will stay out until May 31. Afterward we will play the Eastern park circuit. We will have a long season. Mr. McNeil and Jess Brown, the managers surprised the company with a new car April 4. Our coming comedian King Rastus is making it hard for them all. He has signed a contract with the company fo the seyson of 1907, with o raise of ten dollars and will be featured. Manager Brown wishes to hear from Will Bostwick. The company sends regards to all friends. Billy Carroll, the old time Plantation Manager of Lexington, Ky., is now with the company.

WANTED.

A first-class barber to come to Knoxville, Tenn. Will guarantee good wages in best shop in the city. Apply to R. L. Wyly, Deadrick Bldg. Barber Shop.

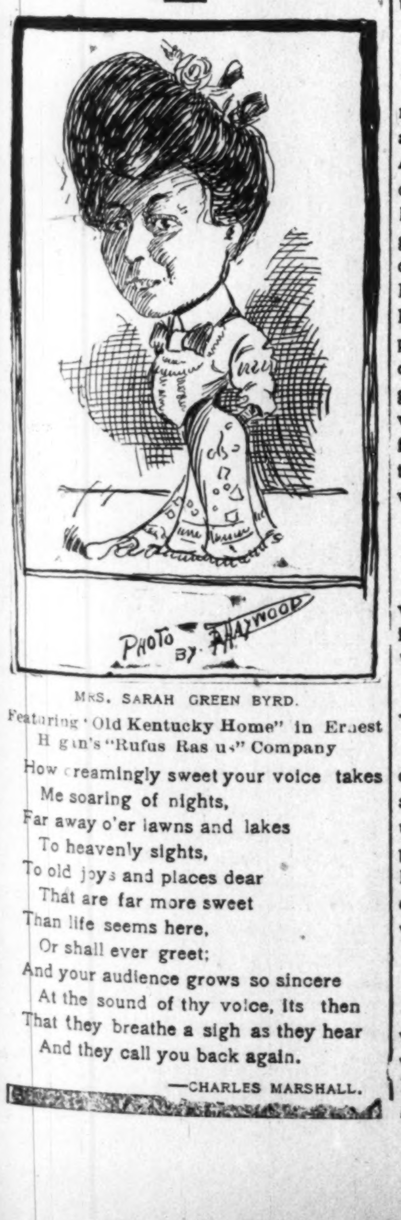
THE NEW AMERICA THEATRE.

The America Theatre, a regularly licensed amusement house has been erected at Jackson, Miss. It is a modern structure, beautifully finished, with a seating capacity of 1,000 and costing $16,000. L. K. Atwood and C. C. Sims are the owners and W. J. Latham manager. All are well and favorably known colored men.

NOTICE.

Pat. Chappelle, Jacksonville, Fla., would like to hear from Ben Hunn and wife immediately; also from Dr. Pullen, of Memphis, Tenn. Business of importance.

THE FREEMAN GALLERY.



MRS. SARAH GREEN BYRD.

Featuring "Old Kentucky Home" in Ernest Hogan's "Rufus Rastus" Company

How dreamingly sweet your voice takes
Me soaring of nights,
Far away o'er lawns and lakes
To heavenly sights,
To old joys and places dear
That are far more sweet
Than life seems here,
Or shall ever greet;
And your audience grows so sincere
At the sound of thy voice, its then
That they breathe a sigh as they hear
And they call you back again.

—CHARLES MARSHALL.

THE AUDIENCE WONDERS

Why actor-authors are at war with each other?

• • •

Why Elwood C. Knox does not become an actor?

• • •

Why actors are so full of "something for nothing?"

• • •

Why John Bailey and Jerry Mills of the Smart Set never forwarded those pictures?

• • •

Why Bob Kelley likes to talk so much about little babies?

• • •

Why Henry Troy causes such a flutter among feminine hearts?

• • •

Why Carle Browne Cooke does not devote all of his time to journalism?

• • •

Why Sylvester Russell did not sing the second night of the Billy Kersands Minstrel engagement at Orange, N. J.?

• • •

Why so many ladies were not seen at the stage entrance during the Indianapolis engagement of Rufus Rastus? Can J. Ed. Green give the reason?

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Henderson, Miss V	Smith, Mrs Eliza
Johnson, Miss M E	Teinte, Mrs Bard
Moore, Mrs Fortes	Yeres, Miss O O

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Armstrong, Thos	Isler, Arthur
Blumer, Robt	Johnson, Sam
Carter, Paul	Jones, Simon
Dudley, E B	LaRose, C Adam
Douglas, J R	La She, Herbert
Davis, S	Looney, E J
Davis, Sam	Payton, Harry
Devine, Isaac P	Reed, Edward
Dickson, W Thomas	Smith, Jakie
Elliott, Foy	Smith, J J
Goodlow, Will—2	The Pauls
Goodlow, Will	Wise, James
Hill, Wesley	Wise, Jim
Howard, E L	White, Capt B Y
Henderson, Chas	Williams and Devine
Hatch, Joe	Wood, F B—2
Henderson, R O	Williams, John—2

1906. ROUTE. 1907.

Black Patti Troubadours: Chatham, Canada April 9; St. Thomas, 10; Woodstock, 11; Stratford, 12; London, 13; Hamilton, 14.

Billy Kersands' Minstrels: Huntington, Ind. April 9; Peru, 10; Marion, 11; Anderson, 12; Terre Haute, 13; Lafayette, 14.

Hot Time In Coontown: Jackson, Mich., April 9; Homer, 10; Union City, 11; Three Rivers, 12; Niles, 13; Benton Harbor, 14.

Frank A. Mahara's Minstrels: Clyde, Kas., April 9; Belleville, 10; Lebanon, 11; Phillipsbury, 12; Norton, 13; Smith Center, 14.

Ernest Hogan in Rufus Rastus: Milwaukee, Wis., week of April 9.

Smart Set Company: New York City, N. Y., week of April 9.

Original Tennessee Minstrels: North Bend, Neb., April 9; Bellwood, 12.

The Clermonts (Frank and Etta): Empire Theater, Colorado Springs, Col., April 9 to 14.

Harry A. Brown, Singing Cartoonist: Crystal Theater, Detroit, Mich., week of April 9.

Mallory Bros and Brooks, assisted by Miss Grace Halliday: Grand Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., week of April 9.

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Ten Lady Performers and Chorus Girls

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Also want Musicians. Ladies Send Photo.

Buddie Glenn, stage manager, R. S. Donaldson, proprietor. Address all communications to Buckingham Theater, Tampa, Fla.

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For a number 2 Show, first class performers and musicians. Those doubling given preference. Tickets advanced to responsible parties. State all you can do and your lowest salary in first letter.

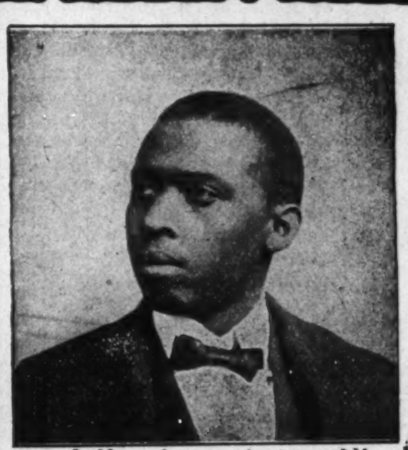
Honolulu Minstrels, 115 to 121 West 5th St., Kansas City, Mo. Both shows run all summer.

Wanted Quick!!!

BLACK AMERICAN

30--MUSICIANS--30

For our big feature Concert Band, also First Class Leader who doubles in string. Address giving full particulars to A. J. Bodkin, 302 Dearborn St. Chicago. I want Musicians who can make good.



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WANTED to enlarge Frank Mahara's Minstrels, MUSICIAS for

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I prefer ladies who have Concert experience. No salary too high for the right people. Show never closes. Address Frank Mahara, as per route in The Freeman or 510 Cleveland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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31st Street near State Street.

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First-class talent wanted at all times.

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We can use several young girls in chorus work we furnish all wardrobe, no charge to performers.

Address all communications to W. H. SMITH, Adv. Mgr. 359 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

RAM'S HORN BROWN'S PHILOSOPHY

The poorest people are not those who have to get much out of little, but those who get little out of much.

How it would give force to our prayers, if we would first do some other things that need to be done.

It is only the bottom rounds in the ladder of success that are broken through overcrowding.

There is in everything something greater than the thing we see.

The man who has no God to whom he is grateful has very little else.

One doesn't need a gold mine to do good with, if he has it in his heart to do it.

It only takes a few notes to make a melody, and yet so many of us never sing the little song we could.

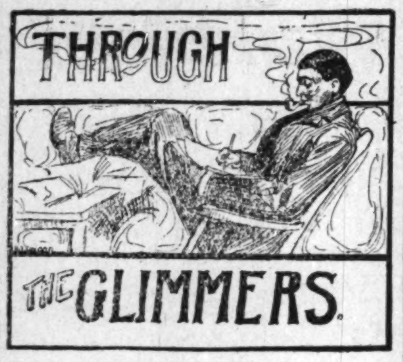
What a world this would be if we only had eyes to see all the good God has put in it.

Showers of blessing are sure to fall on the pews when the man in the pulpit has an overflowing cup.

The man who aims at nothing generally hits it.

When we do everything the Lord wants us to do, He will do everything we want Him to do.

An electric motor not much bigger than your fist can do more work than a windmill that can be seen two miles



BY O. E. DUNCAN.

Cheer up, the worst has passed.

It is an old saying that it is easier to draw a rope than to push it.

Don't carry a trunk if you can get your stuff in a satchel.

The first case of eave-dropping on record was when Eve was dropped from the Garden of Eden.

The announcement is that soft coal is going up. This is nothing now. It has been going up in large black clouds over Indianapolis all winter—and coming down again.

Electricity is a most erratic force. A very small voltage is sometimes fatal. Official electrocution of criminals is accomplished with less than 3,000 volts, yet here in Indiana is a case reported in which a man received the full power of the feed wire of a dynamo carrying 2,000 volts and was not only not killed instantly, but probably will recover from the shock. There is much yet to learn about this wonderful ether.

Have you seen "Perfecto Diamonds" Dazzling brilliancy, beautiful color, & perfect cut $1 00. J. L Eighill, N.Y

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Where you meet the only lady shoemaker in tthe country. Best leather and perfect work in the manufacture of our goods. All kinds of artistic shoe repairing promptly done. Order work is our specialty. J. A. Mallory, the reliable, is an able assistant.

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Formerly known as

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STRAIGHTENS

KINKY or CURLY HAIR that it can be put up in any style desired consistent with its length.

Ford's Hair Pomade was formerly known as "OZONIZED OX MARROW" and is the only safe preparation known to us that makes **kinky** or **curly** hair **straight**, as shown above. Its use makes the most **stubborn, harsh, kinky or curly** hair **soft, pliable** and **easy** to comb. These results may be obtained from one treatment; 2 to 4 bottles are usually sufficient for a year. The use of **Ford's Hair Pomade** ("OZONIZED OX MARROW") removes and prevents dandruff, relieves itching, invigorates the scalp, stops the hair from falling out or breaking off, makes it grow and, by nourishing the roots, gives it new life and vigor. Being elegantly **perfumed** and **harmless**, it is a toilet necessity for ladies, gentlemen and children. **Ford's Hair Pomade** ("OZONIZED OX MARROW") has been made and sold continuously since about 1858, and label, "OZONIZED OX MARROW", was registered in the United States Patent Office, in 1874. In all that long period of time there has never been a bottle returned from the hundreds of thousands we have sold. FORD'S HAIR POMADE remains sweet and effective, no matter how long you keep it. Be sure to get **Ford's**, as its use makes the hair STRAIGHT, SOFT, and PLIABLE. Beware of imitations. Remember that **Ford's Hair Pomade** ("OZONIZED OX MARROW") is put up only in **50 ct.** size, and is made only in Chicago and by us. The genuine has the signature, Charles Ford Prest. on each package. Refuse all others. Full directions with every bottle. Price only 50 cts. Sold by druggists and dealers. If your druggist or dealer can not supply you, he can procure it from his jobber or wholesale dealer or send us 50 cts. for one bottle postpaid, or $1.40 for three bottles or $2.50 for six bottles, express paid. We pay postage and express charges to all points in U. S. A. When ordering send postal or express money order, and mention this paper. Write your name and address plainly to

The Ozonized Ox Marrow Co.

(None genuine without my signature)

Charles Ford Prest

76 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Agents wanted everywhere.

The Way of Escape

By JOANNA SINGLE

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John Kingdon was thoroughly angry. He pulled his cap over his eyes and rushed down a side street to escape Bradford, whose cheerful whistle seemed to be just behind him. He did not want to be pestered to play cards or golf or be pulled to the country club dance. He wanted solitude and his pipe and a chance to wonder why on earth Elizabeth Treynor should suddenly refuse to have anything to do with him after she had golfed and picnicked and sang with him all summer and after she had succeeded in getting him thoroughly in love with her.

He felt ill treated. He did not fall in love easily and in general he did not care for western girls, being a Connecticut man, Yale trained and Europe finished, before settling to practice medicine in the mid-west. Elizabeth was different, and as he reflected on the difference between her and all other girls in the world he heard Bradford whistling at the Treynor side gate for Jack and then asking if Kingdon were there.

Kingdon slipped over the fence in the twilight and clambered up the first conveniently low branched tree. Panting but triumphant he heard Bradford's account of how he had chased Kingdon and lost him somewhere, and that he wanted him to take Nell Somers to the dance they had just got up on the spur of the moment. And where was Jack's sister? Bradford wanted to ask her to go with Ella.

Startled by the sound curiously like a suppressed snicker Kingdon decided to climb higher. He reached up for a branch above him and seized a small, warm slipper that gave his hand a little kick.

"Keep still, can't you, and let go my foot?" a whisper admonished him. He looked up and saw Elizabeth sitting high and dry on a horizontal branch, swinging her feet and peering toward the house. "S-sh!" she warned again, for her brother Jack and Bradford came into the garden.

"Elizabeth!" Jack called. Then: "Confound girls anyhow! She was here five minutes ago, and her wraps are in the hall. She must be near." On the strength of Elizabeth's chuckle Dr. John Kingdon climbed up and sat beside her. Her gray suit made her almost invisible in the growing dark, but he knew by heart the blue of her eyes, the rich brownness of her hair and the coldness of her manner to him of late.

"What are you doing here?" She tried to get hauteur into a whisper and failed.

"What you are—escaping Bradford evidently. I wouldn't go to the dance because you were to be there."

"Thanks," she replied. "Neither would I because you were to be there. That's why I'm here. One has to explain to Richard Bradford, and he always wants to know why."

"I'd like to know why myself."

"Oh, be still. Why doesn't he go?" whispered the girl, for the eternal Bradford sauntered under their tree and lighted his pipe.

"Don't wait for me, Jack, old man. I'll wait around a bit, and if she doesn't show up I'll come out alone."

"The confounded idiot!" Kingdon whispered and put out a protecting hand when she seemed to sway a bit. She froze instantly, and he dared not venture excuse or protest.

The darkness had increased, and when the moon came sailing up Bradford swore at his luck and departed, clicking the gate behind him.

"Now, Dr. Kingdon, I think you can make your escape."

"But I don't want to—now! May I not stay long enough to apologize for intruding on your tree solitude?" He spoke softly, with a delicate clipping of the r's. His fine, dark face bent toward her. "I have not meant to persecute you, but you did not answer my letter. I will never trouble you again, but will you not be fair enough to tell me just what I have done? You could do an enemy that justice!" To his surprise she grasped his arm.

"Father and mother!" she murmured. "You'll have to stay. I couldn't explain to them why I am here!" Kingdon hardly breathed, for she forgot to loosen the blessed hold on his sleeve.

Mr. Treynor walked in portly pomposity beside his anxious little wife.

"Elizabeth worries me so," she complained, and they seated themselves on a rustic bench. "She's so difficult! I can't lay it to college and her trip to Europe, for she was lively till just of late. Now she doesn't enjoy society and is getting interested in the poor. And what do you suppose is her reason for refusing to have anything to do with that nice Dr. Kingdon and"—

"Some fool notion," her father grunted.

"And taking up with that Bradford? I hope she won't marry him. I don't care if we have always known him—he doesn't seem quite nice. Well, he told Elizabeth that Dr. Kingdon said at the club that western girls hadn't reserve enough—that he disapproved of co-education because it made girls too free and easy with men and a lot of stuff like that!"

"She needn't be a fool if he did. He never meant it for her."

"No. I'm from New Hampshire, and she has lived there half her time during the last six years. I wonder where she is now? Probably at Anne's. She's safe enough. Jo, if you're going to sleep we might's well go in. I don't like talking to the air, and I don't like Dick Bradford, and I wish the children were home. Listen to that, now!" Two men, laughing and yelling, drove past in a cart at a furious pace.

"It's Sam Brown," continued Mrs. Treynor. "I wish they didn't live next door. He's sure to kill some one sooner or later. He'll come back drunk about midnight and chase the family outdoors. I think the public ought"—Her voice died away as she entered the house with her husband.

Then Kingdon turned and faced the still, proud girl beside him. She held her head high, her beautiful face full in the moonlight.

"Is that true—what your mother said? Is that why you treat me so? Won't you be fair enough to tell me?"

"Well, yes," she admitted. "I don't like being called underbred. It's not true, and you wouldn't like it yourself."

"It was a careless statement, exaggerated by Bradford, and made when I had met only a few girls of the Molly Racer type. You know perfectly well that it never applied to you in my mind or anybody's. I saw at a glance that you were thoroughbred—that you added to the older culture of the east the frank courage and honesty of the west; that you had the poise to be a law unto yourself—and unto me. Oh, I shall finish now, for I shall never speak to you again till you say you wish me to. You are a girl I could adore and be proud of, east or west. I would bear anything for one willing word of love from you. You know me—my pedigree, education and behavior—the best of their kind. I haven't much money, though I shall have, but I have pride—as much as you."

He paused. Elizabeth looked straight at him.

"I was unfair, and I am sorry. I want you to"— A furious rattle of wheels, a sound of cursing and yelling, and Sam Brown's cart careened dangerously as the terrified horse crashed into the fence just beneath. Kingdon started to leap down, then caught the girl's face to his breast and covered her ears with his hands to spare her the sight and sound of the drunken brute being dragged to death.

The horse broke loose and dashed [illegible]. A crowd gathered, and Kingdon whispered, "Stay here—I'll be back in a moment and get you down." He slipped down into the alley and out into the crowd.

In about twenty minutes—ages to the girl—he again scrambled up beside her.

"I did what there was to do—told them the life had gone out. He never knew what struck him. It's undertaker's work now. This has been miserable enough for you. Let me help you down and to the house." As she did not speak he looked at her. She laughed and held out her hand.

"Will you speak to me—now that I ask you to? You are—the nicest man—I know." She took his hand and climbed down, he after her.

"Wait," he commanded, swinging down before her. "I shall lift you down." She was just in easy reach of his arms. "And—another thing—I want you to—kiss me!"

His masterfulness took her breath.

"Why should I?" she laughed at last.

"It's improper—reason enough for a western girl!" he teased.

"Impertinent and won't stand," she decided. "Another reason."

"Well, Elizabeth—do it—because you want to."

He held out his arms, and she could not find it in her heart to deny him.

Jean Ingelow and the Nightingales.

One evening at dinner Jean Ingelow confessed that though she had often written poems about nightingales, she had never heard one sing. Every one commented on this as extraordinary, and we agreed that a poetess' imagination was a marvelous gift, but we determined that not another night should pass without remedying this grievous omission. It was in May, and about 9 o'clock we led forth Miss Ingelow to the lime avenue, where the nightingales were singing in scores. We all held our breath to listen as one after another, far and near, broke into song. Presently Miss Ingelow asked anxiously: "Well, are they singing yet? I don't hear anything." It transpired that, being a Londoner and uncertain of unknown shrubberies on a chilly spring evening, she had defied drafts by the simple expedient of putting cotton wool in her ears before venturing out—at least, she said it was on account of drafts, but I thought at the time and still think that her determination to be betrayed into nothing that could savor of sentimentalism had had something to do with it. However, she never minded being chaffed about it and enjoyed the joke as much as any of us.—G. B. Stuart in Lippincott's.

Sea Gulls as Pirates.

There may be an advantage in birds living in colonies, but I cannot see how any other birds would want to live near a colony of gulls. A gull in his own country will steal like a politician and murder like a pirate. They swarm about us like vultures after a battle. The minute our approach drove a murre or cormorant from its nest the saintly looking scalawags swooped down to eat the eggs and young. While the gulls are freebooters and robbers on the island, it is only when other birds are frightened from their nests that they have a chance to carry on their nefarious trade. Eternal vigilance is the price the latter pay for their eggs and young. Except when they are frightened by the approach of some person, their possessions are never left for an instant without a guard. But the fittest manage to survive on the rocks, and these gulls are the most useful birds in the bays and rivers about the waterfronts of our cities. They are valuable as scavengers and should be protected in every way. Three of them are equal to a buzzard. Ten of these gulls are equal to a pig.—The World Today.

[illegible] If you are not engaged you will have a score of opportunities to become so. You will receive letters from all over the state. As a heroine you will be pointed out on the street, and the reporters will follow you home and write articles on how you eat and sleep, your old shoes, your likes and dislikes, whether pickles agree with you or give you headache. Songs may be composed and sung in your honor, and it is certain that a brand of cigars will be named after you. Fame is surely about to knock at the door."

"But I want none of it," responded Miss Davis. "I want to appeal to your better nature to give me that money and let me go. You say you are a robber, but I am sure you are also a gentleman and not without honor and sentiment."

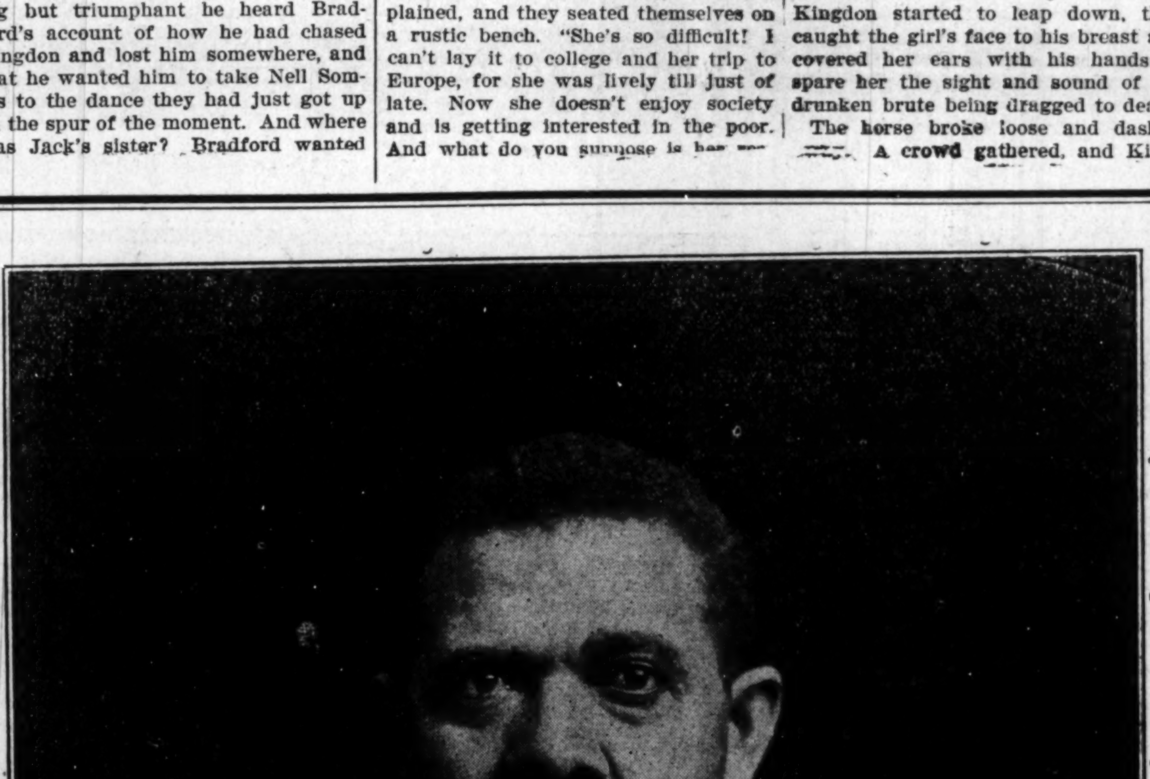
"Yes, I am a gentleman by birth and education, and I have my fair share of sentiment, but this is a worldly matter and must be discussed from a worldly standpoint. You have read in the pa-

WOULD YOU PAY 20 CENTS

For a whole year's subscription to the Voice of the Negro?

Write me at once and I will tell you how. Don't send any money

A. L. HOLSEY, ATHENS GA



DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,

Who is Holding the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Tuskegee Institute.

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PHRENOLOGIST AND PALMIST

MADAM McNAIRDEE - MOORE, the world's greatest clairvoyant. You can't afford to miss consulting this gifted lady. She is gifted to read characters She challenges the world to excel her advice on love, losses business, family and financial troubles. Reunites the separated causes speedy marriage with one of your choice,

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Can be consulted on all affairs of life Her predictions are true and can be relied upon.

Enclose one dollar and stamp and know your future, and what you are best adapted for to make success in life

TESTIMONIALS.

Cleveland, Tenn., Dec. 18, 1905.

My Dear M. Moore—I know you will be prised to hear from me; I have not forgotten you and never will, for you have been a blessing to my home, you are a treasure to me. Everything is passing off very smoothly now, I only hope it will continue. I remember you in my prayer. I often think I would have quite a laugh should I ever chance to see you. My husband is at home now and he never go out at night scarcely at all, Answer my letter at your earliest convenient, Yours Mrs. N.

Gilmer, Texas, Jan. 15, 1906.

Dear Madame—I take great pleasure to write you to let you know of your work. My daughter has returned home, and I can't praise you too much for your kindness. Now just as soon as I can I am going to send you some money. I am in a feeble state right now, also have no work to do but will pay you as soon as I can. Nothing more. Yours, Mrs. M. J.

Heart Weakness.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure has made many hearts well after they have been pronounced hopeless. It has completely cured thousands, and will almost invariably cure or benefit every case of heart disease.

Short breath, pain around heart, palpitation, fluttering, dizzy, fainting and smothering spells should not be neglected. Take Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and see how quick you will be relieved.

It cannot make a new heart, but will restore a sick one by strengthening the heart nerves and muscles, relieving the unnatural strain, and restoring its vitality.

"I had a very bad case of heart trouble. For six months I could not work. Last July I was plowing corn and feeling bad all day; in the afternoon in plowing one row I had to lay down, or fall down, three times. My heart throbbed as though it would burst through, and I had difficulty in getting my breath. I purchased a bottle of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and before I had used half of it I could lay down and sleep all night. Previously I had to get up from five to ten times a night. I have taken several bottles, and my heart is as regular as clock work. I feel like a new man, and can work considerable for an old man, 84½ years old."

H. D. McGILL, Frost, Ohio.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

CONCERT AND LECTURE

TOUR

1906-'07

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Conley,

MECHANICAL ORCHESTRA

LIFE MOTION PICTURES

STEREOPTICAN VIEWS

ILLUSTRATED SONGS

The best exhibition money and time can produce. Entirely new. Engagements for halls, churches and schools anywhere in the states, send for dates, giving capacity, etc.

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May to Sept. Box 242, Kenilworth, Ill

HARRIS HAIR STRAIGHTENER

PRICE $1.00

This is the renowned Harris Hair Straightener which does such effective work and is i demand from all parts of the country. Tr one—its a good thing.

This instrument surpasses everything of its intent or purpose now before the public. Your hair will remain straight for months after using this most valuable need for the beautifying of your appearance.

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TALE OF AN ANTIQUE RUG

By Edith M. Doane

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I am a prayer rug—an "antique Gheordez" my master calls me—and I lie in a corner of the library before the shelves that hold his choicest books.

The morning sunshine envolps me in a rich flood of yellow splendor; in the evening the blazing logs in the fireplace caress me with flickering shafts of golden light; at night I lie in the soft darkness and dream happily of the days of my youth.

Allah is good. I am content.

I was an old rug, worn smooth by the bare feet of the faithful, even before I was taken from the temple and brought to this strange country across the seas. For months I lay in dark, evil smelling places, before that day when I found myself once more in the blessed sunlight amid a babel of strange sights and sounds. The worshipers in this new temple swayed and jostled each other noisily; the priest waved his arms madly. "Going, going, gone!" he cried. "Going, going, gone!"

Aside from the crowd, in the corner where I lay, two men were standing. One talked earnestly to the other, who listened with a certain embarrassment.

"Tell her what you have told me," said the first. "Go home to her now. Get down on your knees and tell her that you've made all kinds of an ass of yourself and you know it. Beg for her forgiveness. Beg for one more chance. Beg, for the boy's sake, to be allowed to try again."

The other man flushed dully. "I have not been home for weeks," he said huskily. "I couldn't. I've done about all the evil a man can do—except that. I couldn't go from that other crowd to her and the boy."

"But you are done with all that now," protested the first eagerly. "You have had your fling, and you've found it yields nothing but Dead sea fruit in the end. It isn't too late to go back. She will forgive you."

"ELIZABETH," HE SAID ALMOST FIERCELY, "I LOVE YOU!"

"How can I ask her to?" said the other wearily. "Think of the grievous wrong"—

Just here I was taken up and carried over to the priest, who held me aloft in his arms, while all the people craned their necks and jostled each other in their effort to get a better view.

"An antique Gheordez prayer rug," chanted the priest. "A sapphire on an opal ground. A rug that is to other rugs what rubies are to other precious stones—rarer, more brilliant, more costly. Notice the harmony of the contrasting colors—the mosaics of the borders—the splendor of the design. How much am I offered for this superb antique prayer rug?"

Then the tide of the shouts of the devout broke against the priest's chant, and in its midst I found myself carried once more to the corner where the two men stood. They examined me carefully. The face of the one who had held back was flushed and eager.

"This is the anniversary of our wedding day," he said to the other, "and I will do it. I will go now. I will take her this rug as a thought of the anniversary and on it, where so many prayers for forgiveness have been offered, I will offer mine."

"Oh, Allah, be merciful!" he added under his breath.

So I went with him to his home, and he let himself in gently with his latchkey and tiptoed softly to the library and laid me before the fire. Then he touched a bell.

"Is Mrs. Wharton at home?" he asked the man who answered his ring, and his voice trembled in spite of his efforts to steady it.

The man eyed him curiously. "No, sir," he said respectfully. "Mrs. Wharton and Master Edward 'as been gone, sir, some days."

"Mrs. Wharton left a note, and there is other mail," he added, placing a sheaf of letters on the table and retiring with a bow.

My master tore open the small square envelope on top, and his face went ashen gray. "I have warned and entreated," he read dully, "and now I have gone where I shall at least be spared the insult of your presence. You have ruined my life and your own, but the boy shall be saved."

Under the small square envelope was a long white one. "Her lawyers," he repeated monotonously, opening it and stumbling mechanically through its legal phrasing.

Then he threw himself in a chair and buried his face in his arms on the table.

"Oh, my God!" he sobbed brokenly. "Oh, my God!"

After that night I did not see the master for many months; then one evening he came into the library, looking older and sterner, with deep lines in his face. After that he spent nearly all his evenings in the library, sometimes with friends, but oftener alone, reading or just staring straight ahead into the fire. So the days rolled into weeks and the weeks into months and years until one evening the master came and stood for a long time looking at the picture of a woman and a boy on the mantel. "Three years tonight," he said slowly; "three long years."

The curtains of the doorway parted, and a woman came forward part way into the room, a slender, graceful woman who carried her head haughtily, although her lips quivered with nervousness.

The master turned abruptly.

"Elizabeth!" he cried.

"You are surprised to see me here?"

"Elizabeth!" he said again in dazed astonishment, then: "The boy? What is wrong with the boy?" he cried sharply.

She flushed painfully. "It is because of him I am here. He has some claim on you still, even though I—have none."

She stopped abruptly and walked over to the fireplace, then turned and looked at him with proud, appealing eyes.

"I have not money enough to educate the boy properly," she said simply, "and there is no one I could come to but you—his father."

He did not answer her, but with one quick step forward took her hands in his.

"Elizabeth," he said almost fiercely, "I love you! I want you!"

Trembling, she leaned against the table.

"Love me? After all I did—the divorce—the boy"—

"The fault was mine. I loved you through it all. I have always loved you. I love you now"—

He looked searchingly at the sweet, averted face, then, with a quick, happy movement, drew her close.

"It was not until afterward that I knew how dearly I loved you," she said, with a little catch like a sob in her voice.

That was the dawn of a new era. The old silence is gone, and laughter and the soft sound of happy voices echo through the house. I am fond of them all, the master with his merry laugh, the mistress with her soft dark eyes and gracious ways, the boy who brings in troops of his admiring friends to see me.

If I sometimes long for the days of my youth—for the silence of the temple and the prayers of the faithful—what would you?

Allah alone is perfect.

I am content.

And now, time having been given for the parts to grow with the new relative position, preparations are made to learn the result. Would the figure still be bent or stand erect? A great deal more than a symmetrical person hangs on the result. If he is cured nothing stands between him and his love.

The day the plaster is to be removed and the result known the girl goes to the hospital where he lies and is admitted to a waiting room. She paces to and fro in suspense. If an attendant comes in she looks anxiously for a message, but they come and go, and she is not informed. In that delay is the concentrated agony of years.

Suddenly a door communicating with the patient's room is thrown open and there, a smile lighting his pale face, nearly a head taller than before, straight as an arrow, stands her lover. Weak from confinement, he supports himself by resting a hand on the shoulder of a nurse, but the girl, springing forward, throws her arms about him.

This is a development of a child far down in the depths of the earth, his physical part broken by his confinement, to a man possessing normal condition of body and an expansion of soul. The miner boy has not only become a famous artist, but has become a healthy husband and father.

FLORA MILLIGAN.

In the libations of the Greeks, Egyptians and others perfume was largely used. Herodotus mentions the incident of the twelve kings of Egypt who were offering sacrifice in the temple of Vulcan. At the door of the temple on the great altar were laid bundles of sandalwood and cinnamon. Upon these the sacrificial boar was stretched, the fire lighted, pastils of incense thrown in and the smoke and "nidrous smells" rose high to heaven. Then into the inner courts marched the royal procession, preceded by incense burners, who bore golden salvers, and by the smaller altar the kings knelt in prayer. The priest, rising, sprinkled consecrated perfume over them and brought forth the golden beakers for libation. But the old man, a little muddle headed, counted eleven cups as twelve. Psammetichus, who was left without, took off his brass helmet and in that offered the perfumed wine to Vulcan, the fire god. Previous to this the oracle had declared that he who offered a libation in a cup of brass should be sole king of Egypt. Unconsciously Psammetichus had fulfilled the condition, and he was therewith proclaimed king.

Bings' Bargain

By LAURA ALTON PAYNE

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"What dat, Bings?" cooed the dimpled cherub, patting the bald spot that spread like a small shining desert in an oasis of thick blond hair on Bings' well shaped head.

Whitlock grinned.

"Mamma's pet mustn't be naughty," said the pretty widow, turning her brown eyes apologetically on Bings. "Come to mamma, dearie. Mr. Bings isn't used to babies."

But the dimpled cherub, otherwise Baby Moffatt, who had purposely and after many backslidings climbed upon the rustic seat occupied by Bings, for whom she had evinced a decided partiality from the start, only snuggled the closer to the secretly delighted Bings and cooed, "Baby 'ove Bings," then as a happy afterthought, "Mamma 'ove Bings," at which frank and wholly unexpected revelation of her small daughter the pretty widow's face rivaled Bings'.

Whitlock guffawed. "Now's your chance, Bings," he urged, with malicious levity at his rival's discomfiture. But Bings, with a hasty adieu, fled, leaving the cherub disconsolate.

Bings metaphorically kicked himself all the way home for not taking advantage of the best opportunity he had ever had, even if it was before the sneering Whitlock, and for his cowardly desertion of the pretty widow to Whitlock's caustic raillery.

Bings paused at his own gate and gazed miserably at the big silent house. He shut his eyes a moment and imagined he saw the pretty widow and the cherub sitting on the front porch. It was a blissful vision, but Bings felt that it would never become a blissful reality unless a miracle happened.

Bings was a bachelor, Bings was big and blond and bald, Bings was bashful—in fact, Bings was a whole swarm of "B's." He narrowly escaped being a beauty, with his baby complexion and innocent blue eyes. His size was the only thing that saved him from this terrible fate. Moreover, Bings was a bargain fiend. No woman could scent a bargain sale farther off than could Billy Bings. Incidentally Billy was the climax to Bings' woes. But no persuasion on his part could convince his friends of the absurdity of calling a six footer Billy.

Bings' bachelorhood was a condition of neither birth nor achievement—it was thrust upon him. During his evolution into that state there had been any one of a dozen maids and widows that Bings would have been only too happy to have endowed with half his worldly goods but for his excessive bashfulness. Never yet had he been able to screw his courage up to the point of proposal, though he had made almost superhuman efforts in that direction.

This seemed a pity, for Bings was undeniably cut out for a Benedict. He thought all women angels and all babies cherubs.

As he started uptown on the momentous morning after his precipitate flight Bings had a particular cherub in mind—a pretty, brown eyed, dimpled cherub that he would have given half he was worth to possess and the other half to possess the cherub's pretty, brown eyed mother. But so far every glance from Mrs. Jessie Moffatt's roguish eyes had produced the unfortunate effect of instantaneous paralysis of poor Bings' tongue, so that he could only stand dumb or blush and stammer like any silly schoolboy.

This was not the first time by any means that Bings had performed that metaphorical feat. It had been at least a semiweekly occurrence for several months past. Each time Bings vowed that the next time he would not act the fool. But he did. He had reached the point where the inevitable mental feat was copiously punctuated with a vigorous ejaculation that would have shocked the pretty widow had she heard it.

Bings felt his helplessness bitterly. So absorbed was he in this thought as he picked his way along the shady street that he failed to observe the widow a block or so ahead of him. A deep gloom enveloped Bings' soul that bright June morning.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "If something doesn't happen soon I'll"—

"Going, going—gone!"

Bings pricked up his ears and hastened his steps. An auction, and he not to know it? Turning a corner, he came full upon a familiar scene just as a table was knocked down to the highest bidder. Bings' eyes gloated over the unusual display of household goods spread before him.

"Fifty cents!" bid a voice in the crowd as the auctioneer held up an article. It was Whitlock's voice. Bings' wrath flamed up, and before he had time to think he was bidding furiously against his rival. Fast in the grip of "bargain fever" and whetted on by Whitlock, Bings rapidly became possessor of various articles that were of as much use to him at that period of his existence as a celestial harp and a pair of wings. Had Bings intercepted the exchange of winks between Whitlock and the auctioneer he might have been more cautious. As it was, the barricade around Bings grew and grew.

"Going, going—gone!" shouted the auctioneer. "Dirt cheap at that, Mr. Bings. Here, Sam, wheel this perambulator around to Mr. Bings."

Perambulator! Heavens! Had he bought a perambulator? Bings wiped his perspiring brow and glared defiantly around.

"Why, Billy Bings!" cried a laughing feminine voice at his elbow. "What do you want with a perambulator?"

Bings' exasperated gaze encountered that of Mrs. Marston, a merry faced woman. By her side stood the pretty widow with the coveted cherub clinging to her hand.

Bings turned fiery red and caught wildly at his hat, or where he supposed it to be, only to find that he was fanning himself with it. Making an embarrassed bow, he began to mop his perspiring face violently.

"Here's yer p'ramb'lat'r," said Sam laconically, pausing in front of Bings. Bings turned fascinated eyes on the thing, which seemed to him to have greatly increased in size during its progress from the auctioneer's stand.

"And a baby's high chair," announced another laughing voice as the speaker craned forward and inspected Bings' barricade.

There was a general craning of necks.

"And a little red rocker," exclaimed another.

"A doll—and a doll carriage."

"A child's cot."

"Footstool, workbasket, sewing chair and sewing machine," enumerated Whitlock, pushing nearer. "Great Jupiter, Bings! What does this mean?" with mock severity.

Poor Bings thanked his stars that none of them knew of that cradle in the attic, the result of a former aberration. He gazed helplessly around at his tormentors, then at his barricade. What on earth had induced him to bid in all that stuff?

He had made himself so ridiculous in her eyes he'd not stand a ghost of a show now. The only thing left for him to do was to make his escape as best he could.

Bings glanced furtively around, but all avenues were closed by laughing faces. He grew desperate. Just as he was contemplating a dash for liberty along the line of the least resistance the miracle that he had been so skeptical about happened.

A fractious horse, a woman's scream, a scene of confusion, and when Bings came to he found his arms around the pretty widow, who was clasping the pretty cherub to her breast and sobbing hysterically on his shoulder: "Oh, Billy—dear, dear Billy! Save me, save me!"

At these inspiring words Bings' courage rose to the occasion, his bashfulness slipping from him like a cloak. Before the astonished eyes of the whole staring crowd he bent and kissed the pretty widow and the dimpled cherub.

"There, there, sweetheart," he said soothingly, "the danger is past." Then, turning to the gaping crowd, Bings lied magnificently.

"I was just going to explain," said he, "when that confounded horse interfered, that I bought these things for my wife and child. The fact is"—

"Mr. Bings!" protested a shocked but smothered voice.

"Mrs. Moffatt and I expect to be married just a week from today, and I take this occasion to invite"—

"Billy Bings! How dare you?"

—"the whole crowd to attend. The fact is"—the sight of Whitlock's amazed and wholly skeptical countenance stimulated Bings to greater invention—"we would have announced our engagement sooner but for certain unforeseen circumstances that—er—caused us to—er—await a more propitious time. But"—

"Oh, Billy, hush!"

—"after next Thursday we'll be at home to our friends. You all know the way to The Elms, where you'll always find"—

"Oh, Billy, dear!

—"a welcome."

A Gentlemanly Robber

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1905, by K. A. Whitehead

Miss Lucy Davis, twenty years old and the daughter of a widow, was assistant bookkeeper and assistant cashier of the Flint woolen mills in the suburbs of a certain western city. It was one of the duties of the cashier to go to the bank in the city every Saturday forenoon and draw an amount sufficient to pay the wages of the employees, and he had never met with any adventure in so doing. One was coming, however.

There came a day when a stranger recognized him and tried to possess himself of the $2,500. He went over the ground from the bank to the mills and laid his plans, and a week before the event he felt certain that the boodle was his.

"Look here, Miss Davis," said the mill manager one Saturday forenoon, "I have word that Mr. Samson is sick and won't be down this morning. At 10 o'clock you will have to go to the bank in his place. You can go down on a street car and come back in a hansom."

The young lady was rather pleased and proud over the errand, and when the hour arrived she set out with never a thought that it was to be an eventful day in her life. As she boarded a car in front of the mill a good looking stranger about thirty years old got in and sat opposite her. Although she could not say that he ever glanced at her, she had several sly peeps at him and was quite favorably impressed with his appearance.

The check was promptly cashed at the bank, and with the money in her reticule the girl reached the door to find an empty carriage drawn up as if awaiting her.

"Keb, ma'am?" queried the driver, and next moment she was inside and being whirled away.

Miss Davis was so occupied with thoughts of something else that she did not notice the landmarks along the way. When the hack suddenly stopped she looked out and saw that she had not arrived at the mill. Instead of that she had arrived at a lone old house standing alone on the block, and the neighborhood was one she had never seen before.

She sprang to the ground and began to question the driver, but he wheeled and drove off without a reply, and out of the house stepped the man of the street car and raised his hat and bowed and smiled.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" asked the girl.

"If you will step inside I will explain," replied the man.

"But I shall not step inside. Why did the carriage bring me here? I shall not stay a minute."

But she did. The man stepped forward and passed an arm around her and carried her within in spite of her struggles. He seated her on a box in a bare room and smilingly said:

"Excuse me, please, but you were acting a bit foolish. You have asked several questions, and I will now proceed to answer them.

"You are in the suburbs. You were brought here to be robbed. You will be detained a few hours and then set at liberty. Had the cashier gone to the bank for the money he would now have been in your place. You will be held blameless in this matter, and you must see that you are also perfectly helpless. I can take the money from you. Better take a sensible view of things. How much money did you draw?"

"About $2,600," she replied as she handed over the reticule.

"Not a fortune, but fair pay for a day's work. Now, then you have got to endure my society for an hour or two, and I hope you will try to make the best of it."

The door had been locked. He raised a window, drew up another box and continued:

"We may as well be sociable as to sit here and sulk. Has the thought ever occurred to you that you would be a heroine some day?"

"I never expected to fall into the hands of a robber."

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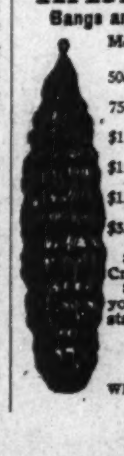

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The Ayres Bulletin

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Are taking on a bustling activity that makes necessary the time worn admonition to "come early and avoid the rush." Morning shopping has many advantages

SILKS ARE SELLING

With a vim that presages more than their usual prominence in "the Easter parade." Beauty is powerfully alluring, and surely silks were never handsomer than this season.

MILLINERY CASES

Are never deserted. From morning till night there is an interesting throng of womankind gathered in front of them or busied in finding fitting adornment for feminine charms. It's high time to be choosing.

L.S.Ayres&Co.

CITY AND SOCIETY BRIEFS.

Woodbine Perfume has magic powers. On sale at Blodau's Drug Store.

Mrs. D. Morton of Evansville, Ind., was in the city this week.

B. F. Lee, Jr., son of Bishop Lee, was in the city Monday en route to Bloomington, Ind.

Mrs. A. Tribble, Miss Mayme Hawkins, Rev. Moses Franklin and George L Knox attended the M E. Conference at Columbus, O , last week.

Miss Ollie Dickerson died Monday morning after a short illness. The funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at Corinthian Baptist church.

Rev. J. S. Bailey, the new pastor of Simpson Chapel will preach tomorrow morning, Rev. Simmons is stationed at Lexington, Ky., Rev. Sissle at Cleveland O., and Rev T. R. Prentiss at North Indianapolis. Rev. M. S. Johnson was re-appointed to Muncie,

The following people composed a party attending the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Tuskegee Institute this week: Mesdames Mary E. Cable, Harriet Clark Kelly, Nellie Gilliam, Louise Royal, J. B. Morgan, George L. Knox, Charles A. Webb, Jennie V. Taylor, Lavinia B. Sneed. Misses Kate A Mann, Nora A. Roberts, Clara D. Watkihs, Ella Croker, Etta Lewis, Ophelia Harris, George Cable, Ezra Roberts, William Baugh, Edwin Stokes, William Thomas and Mr. Valentine.

BUSINESS INTERESTS.

Money Lost—If you don't trade at Truelock's Pharmacy.

Call up Kimble for transfer, 311 Indiana avenue; Phone 1906.

Full line at Bennett Bros'. feed store 321 Indiana avenue.

Try Mack Bartley, the tailor for satisfaction, 425 Indiana avenve.

Household goods bought, sold and exchanged. W. H. Baron, 333 Indiana Avenue.

Found—The best way to save money. Have your prescription filled at Trulock's Pharmacy.

Just received a new shipment; 4000 pairs of shoes for men. women and children, at Wilson's Sample Shoe Store, 236 Massachusetts avenue.

We want you to carefully compare "Perfecto Diamonds" with genuine diamonds of the same size and caret Satisfaction guaranteed. $1 00. J. L. Edghill, 642 E. 141st St., New York

Y. M. C. A. Notes,

Next Sunday's monster meeting promises to be the biggest ever held by the colored Y. M. C. A. The different fountains of the True Reformers will be out, and ladies are especially invited to be present. A good program has been arranged, including solos by Mrs E Viola Winston and A. C. Bybee; selections by the chorus who will give Belshazzar's Feast; trombone solo and selections by the Y. M. C. A. orchestra; addresses by Chief W. S. Henry and several of the city pastors. Come early if you want a seat. Over 700 are expected. Doors open at 2:30 p m.

Easter Sunday a special musical program will be given.

Wednesday, April 18, the grandest musical event of the season will be given in Realty Hall, when the Cantata of Belshazzar's Feast will be rendered in costume. A chorus of fifty voices will be one of the many features.

The Lyceum continues to draw and interest the men.

Mr. A. H. Godard, general secretary of the Central Y M C. A., will address the "Monster Meeting" in the near future.

Base ball meeting April 25.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH BEND INDIANA.

E Pace and C. Colley have gone to Danville to spend a few days with the latter's brother.—Prof. J. A. Sterrett has opened a new dancing school at the Harrison Club rooms in Colfax avenue.—The Women's Federation will convene in the city April 25 and 26. Mrs. Nora Hubbard attended the opening of the Palace Theatre.

SPRINGFIELD ILLINOIS

The funeral of Mrs Walter C, Cassey took place a few days ago at St. Paul A. M. E. church.—Bishop Mack, the noted evangelist of Kansas City Mo., has been conducting a very successful series of meetings at Zion Baptist church during the past three weeks.—The Ladies Sewing Circle of New Hope Baptist church are making preparations to give a grand benefit entertainment at Masonic Hall Thursday evening April 19.

SALT LAKE CITY UTAH.

The Rev. W. E. Goens, D. D., of Baltimare, Md , is touring the West on an evangelist tour and his efforts in Saint Louis Kansas City, Denver, and also Colorado Springs have been crowned with success. He is now in this city and his help has been wonderful Rev. Goens is an exceptional speaker and his methods are up-to-date in every respect. His separate meetings for men only and women only are most helpful, as his point is to present the practical side of the Christian life. He is holding services for Rev. J. C. Bell, pastor of the A M E. church.

VICKSBURG MISSISSIPPI.

On last Friday evening, T. Austin Buckner entertained in honor of his twentysfirst birthday. Those present were Thos B White, J. C. Kilens, R. A. Lewis, L. C. Buckner, H. W Toote, James Toote, W. A. Klines, J. C. Redeemer, S. Covington, H. Maddix, F. Goins, J. W. Bell of Natchez, A. G. Hinton, Louis Davis and wife of Kansas City, Mo , W. B. Jones, H. McFarland and O. Banks, of Natchez; W. P. Miller, of Chicago, Ill., Mary Miller Clara Tyree, Misses Willie McFarland, Pearlie Bias and Lula Buck served as tea girls.—Among the visitors to our city are J. W. Bell, Joseph H. and George S. Meekins, Yunk Bryant, Owen Smith, Jessie Ford and James Carroll of Natchez.

DALLAS TEXAS.

The Dunbar Club banquet at Odd Fellows Hall, March 23, was one of the most brilliant in the history of Dallas. The hall was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, hyacinths and smilax blended with designs of the club colors, white and purple, with variegated electric lights. The famous Black and Tan orchestra of twelve musicians were almost hidden from view by various plants in the center of the hall, which represented Paul Laurence Dunbar. the poet reader and contributor, who will live in the hearts of the people forever, and in honor of whom the club is named The special numbers for this occassion were arranged by Prof. J. S. Smith. and were as follows: Music, Black and Tan orchestra; Welcome address, John H. Carlis, president, Response, E. Cooper, of Terrell; Instrumental solo, Miss H. A. Shaw; Solo, J. H. Carlis; solo, Lester McMahorn. The master of ceremonies Prince Johnson opened the exercises with an address on the life of Dunbar and paid a beautiful tribute to the late poet. After the program followed the grand march, led by Hubert Thomas and Miss Minnie Mae Baily and participated in by the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. E. Cooper, Misses Lillian and Edith Cooper, Lucile Lowery, Rodena Cooper, Dora Burton, G. and Pearl Franklin, Willie Beal, Sadie Nickens, Hattie A. Shaw, Eva Howard, Beulah McNeil, Mr. and Mrs, A. G. Andrews, David Andrews, Miss Willie Crawford, William Tipps, Miss Marguerite Odelett, B, Hyson, Thomas Scott, George Williams, J. H. Carlis, Miss Sarah Deadrick, C. Dewear, Charles W. Greed Chas. Ralley, Estella Orman, Miss Lillian Shaw, James Becker, Miss Bertha Wheeler, Prince Johnson, Miss Adeline Rochon, Lester McMahorn, Mammie McLain, Hunter Pheonix, and Miss Ola Howlett, and marched down stairs to the splendid banquet. The affair was beautiful. The decorations together with the gorgeous gowns of the ladies and the evening attire of the men presented a pleasing picture.—Mr. and Mrs, Jake Ward gave a reception Friday evening of last week in honor of Miss Beulah McNeil of Waco. Members of the Jolly Pathfinders Club attended in a body.

DANVILLE ILLINOIS.

Mrs. Walter Word has gone to Chicago on business.—Mr. and Mrs. Holcy were in Kentucky last week to bury a relative there. Mrs. Maria Toney, one of our oldest citizens died March 25. She was a faithful member of the Missionary Baptist church for thirty-three years The funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. B. Shipp. A husband, and five sons survive her.—Mrs. Wm G. Noel was called to Chicago last week on account of the death of her sister's two-year old daughter.—Walter Brown and Mr. Gordon are recovering.—Charlie Gray, another one of the old citizens died last week.—Miss Madline Thompson, passed through the city en route to Champaign, Ill., from Rockville Ind.—The literary debating society of the First Baptist church is progressing nicely and well attended every Tuesday evening.—Mrs Pearlie Ayers and Mrs. Elishia Plumber of Kellyville, Ill., attended the funeral of Mrs Maria Toney.—The carnival at the Second Baptist church last week was well attended.

COLUMBIA TENNESSEE.

Richard Porter, familiarly known as "Uncle Dick" died March 25, at his home in Church avenue at the age of 122 years. He was probably the oldest man in the South and was held in high esteem by both black and white. He had been the servant of three presidents, Polk, Johnson and Jackson. The deceased was a consistent christian and a devout member of St. Paul A. M. E. church, although during his laler years he was unable to attend on account of his physical debility. His life was a model one and worthy of emulation.—Miss Emma Webster and William Evans have announced their marriage which took place in November.—Miss Mamie Sanders has returned to Houston, Tex. Dr. J. W Pickott, of Memphis was in the city last week.—The funeral of John Cain was held at Mt. Lebanon Baptist church Wednesday of last week. "The Fatal Temptation" was postponed on account of the rain, Thursday of last week.—The marriage of Miss Mattie Edmondson and Eugene Williams was solemnized March 18.

SCRANTON, PA.

Scranton, Pa., Special.—Jack Johnson, the colored pugilist, is visiting Mr. C. Battles.—Mr. S. P. Johnson has arrived home after an extensive Western trip.—The conditions of the anthracite miners is very critical. The final disposition will be known after the conference between the operators and the officials of the miners union.

Mrs. Gibbs, president of the State Federation of Wisconsin visited the local club at Superior and delivered a lecture. She was entertained at the home of Mrs. Willis in Banks avenue.

LOST RELATIVES.

Richard Bowman, 1318 Twelfth street Superior, Wis., wishes to know the whereabouts of his two brothers John who was in St. Louis and Jim, who was in Cgiro.

THE PARKER HOUSE

The weather is improving vastly now. Everybody talking Easter and good clothes. Good things to eat are coming in market right along Mr. J. W. Holliman, the proprietor says that nothing is too good for his people, he means his guests, so we get the first and best.

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Do you feel yourself deficient as to a plump well rounded figure? Is your bust measurement all that you can de sire? Are there hollow places above and below your collar bone? Whatever you may lack in the way of perfect form and figure, nature will supply for you, if you use Crowley's Bust Developer. Agents wanted. Thomas Crowley, 5118 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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C. E. GAUSS, 6774 Main St. Marshall, Mich.

DIVORCE LEGAL.

Herman Laroche vs Jennie Laroche	State of Indiana, Marion Co, ss.: in the Circuit Court of Marion Co., In the State of Indiana. No. 14891 Complaint for Divorce.

BE IT KNOWN, That on the 2nd day of Apr. 1906, the above named plaintiff, by his attorney, filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Marion county, in the state of Indiana, his complaint against the above named defendant, Jennie Laroche and the said plaintiff having also filed in said Clerk's office the affidavit of a competent person, showing that said defendant, Jennie Laroche is not a resident of the state of Indiana and said cause is for divorce and that the above named defendant is a necessary party thereto and whereas said plaintiff having by endorsement on said complaint required said defendant to appear in said court, and answer or demur thereto on the 30th day of May, 1906.

NOW, THEREFORE, By order of said Court said defendant last above named is hereby notified of the filing and pendency of said complaint against her and that unless she appear and answer or demur thereto, at the calling of said cause on the 30th day of May, 1906 the same being the 21st judicial day of a term of said Court, to be begun and held at the court house in the city of Indianapolis, on the 1st Monday in May 1906, said complaint and the matters and things therein contained and alleged. will be heard and determined in her absence.

Wm. E. Davis, Clerk.

M S. Gooding, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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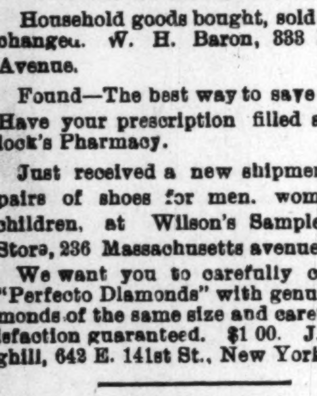

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